

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

4 SHOWS TO-DAY

DEAN AND JERRY TAKE OVER THE CIRCUS... IN THE MOST HILARIOUS SHOW ON EARTH!



Co-Starring
JOANNE DRU
ZSA ZSA GABOR
TECHNICOLOR

Presented at KING'S with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

★ TO-MORROW ★

KING'S	PRINCESS	EMPIRE
5 SHOWS "3 RING CIRCUS"	At 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS	5 SHOWS "3 RING CIRCUS"
Extra Show At 11.30 a.m. at Regular Prices	in CinemaScope at Reduced Prices	Extra Show At 12 noon at Regular Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50333

OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TOP SECRET!

It will blast you from the ocean depths to the

"Secret Island"

GENE KELLY

MOST POWERFUL UNDERSEA EXPLOSION EVER UNLEASHED BY MAN!

JOHN JUSTIN, BERNARD LEE, JEFF RICHARDS, FRANK HARVEY and ROY BOULTING

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE at Reduced Admission

HOOVER at 12.00 noon James Stewart in "NAKED SPUR" with Janet Leigh
LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m. Joan Crawford in "TORCH SONG" with Michael Wilding



TO-DAY AT 1.30 & 8.00 P.M.
MAYFLOWER CANTONESE OPERA CO.
ADMISSIONS—
Matinee: \$6.00, \$4.70, \$3.50 & \$1.50 Tax Incl.
Evening: \$8.90, \$6.00, \$4.70 & \$2.40

ATTENTION!

Reserve Wednesday, May 18th at 9.30 p.m.

for the GALA PREMIERE of the Film
"Front Page Story"

Starring Jack HAWKINS and Elizabeth ALLAN

at the LEE THEATRE

in the presence of
H.E. Sir Alexander Grantham, G.C.M.G.
and Lady Grantham

All Proceeds in aid of the

HONG KONG COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

TICKETS, PRICE \$10, \$5 & \$2

Obtainable from the Council's Offices,
Room 403, China Building (4th Floor),
opposite King's Cinema.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



Jerry Lewis in the "Three Ring Circus"

Not A Second "Third Man"

Carol Reed has taken a "Third Man" theme for "The Man Between", but has made his central character, not a cynically clever black marketeer with a touch of genius, as was Orson Welles in the earlier picture, but a rather sorry individual whose degeneracy, because it lacks dash, fails to excite either compassion or perverted admiration.

His is a shadowy character in a city of half lights, with the loyalties of East and West Berlin occasionally shining through in an attempt to give meaning to the whole thing.

James Mason fits through the suspicion ridden city of Berlin. We meet him first as a menace to the happiness of Hildegard Neff, a German married to an English Army doctor.

He apparently has some hold over her, but whether it is political or amorous we do not discover for some time. The situation is complicated by the arrival on the scene of the husband's sister, Claire Bloom.

At first charmed by her sister-in-law, whom she is preening for the first time, sisterly devotion turns uppermost when it appears that her brother is being deceived by the wife he trusts. He turns the tables and comes under the spell of the man between, and through her he gets a chance to redeem himself.

In spite of the loopholes in the plot and the somewhat unreal characters, this film still has enough polish to show the distinguishing marks of a Carol Reed production, although it cannot be called a second "Third Man".

Anglo-American Friction

A research station where the conflicting personalities of the workers are as much a difficulty to be overcome as the intricacies of the technical problems forms the background of "The Secret Island".

It is a British establishment to which an American specialist is posted when his predecessor has been killed during torpedo

the law, being persuaded to tell all by two tough investigators.

Edward G. Robinson is the tougher of the two, but Brian Keith is more good looking, so in spite of knowing all the answers, between them, the poor girl doesn't have much of a chance.

I haven't been able to see this picture, but it's a new one, released this year, and looks as though it might be quite a good suspense thriller with large splashes of comedy.

Newspaper Film Coming

The Lee theatre is temporarily devoting itself to Cantonese opera but will be back with pictures again on May 18 with the British newspaper subject "Front Page Story" starring Jack Hawkins.

The policy of this theatre is different from others in Hong Kong in that although it occasionally shows an American picture, it does not restrict itself exclusively to these products plus the stipulated number of quota pictures, but tries to cater for the small number of people who prefer British and Continental films.

This does not appear to be generally known and naturally will only continue as long as it is financially successful.

Among the French films coming to the Lee are three taken from Peter Cheyney novels and there will be more of the romantic-historical type.

Thrills & Smiles With Edward G.

In "Tight Spot" we have a wise-cracking Ginger Rogers on the wrong side of

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Three Ring Circus". Martin and Lewis on the loose in a circus. Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Joanne Dru.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Bad Day At Black Rock". Disastrous at a whistle stop in America's south-west, a stranger stumbles on a four-year-old mystery. Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger and Walter Brennan.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Modern Times". The world famous clown playing in one of the pictures that made him famous. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Battle Cry". The US Marines on duty and at play between 1942 and 1944.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Martin Luther". The story is based on the life of the 16th century reformer. Niall MacGinnes.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Secret Island". Anglo-American co-operation in a research scheme. Gene Kelly and John Justin.

"Green Fire". A search for emeralds in South America is hindered by the glamorous owner of a coffee plantation. Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly and Paul Douglas.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Smoke Signal". A western in which the hero faces a court martial for deserting to the Indians. Dana Andrews and Piper Laurie.

NEW YORK: "The Titled Thunderbolt". An English village runs its own train service. Stanley Holloway, John Gregson and Naunton Wayne.

GREAT WORLD: "It Started In Paradise". A designing woman discovers that something besides ambition is needed to run a fashion house successfully. Jane Hilton, Ian Hunter and Muriel Pavlow.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Man Between". Intrigue on the frontier between East and West Berlin. James Mason, Claire Bloom, Hildegard Neff.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Tight Spot". A gangster story. Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson and Brian Keith.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Our Girl Friday". An attractive girl on a desert island. Joan Collins.

Movieland's 'Great Lover' Celebrates His 21st Wedding Anniversary

Hollywood. A one-time "great lover" of the screen observed his 21st wedding anniversary recently in the seclusion of his Beverly Hills mansion, a model husband and father.

"We celebrated quietly at home, just the three of us," said Charles Boyer, referring to his wife, the former British actress, Pat Patterson, and their son, Michael, 12.

"We are not the type of people who whip it up," he added. "Mrs Boyer does not like night clubs and neither do I. The other day a British newspaper editor cabled us from across the Atlantic requesting Mrs Boyer to tell his readers about her life with a screen lover."

"Apparently people still associate me with my screen

roles rather than considering me as a human being in my own right. I begged to be excused on behalf of Mrs Boyer, who would rather not say anything."

"But even if she did," chuckled the actor who's made movie love to nearly every top feminine Hollywood star of the post-Clara Bow, pre-Marilyn Monroe era, "it would be a far cry from what the public expects to hear from her. We lead the life of a sedate, happily married couple, as domesticated as any in America or elsewhere."

Hollywood considers the Boyer home one of the most that down the years have with stood the onslaught of the curious. The Boyers have occupied the same hillside mansion ever since they married on February 1934, and have yet to pose for press photographers in their living room. And they

never will, Boyer said proudly, if Mrs Boyer has her way.

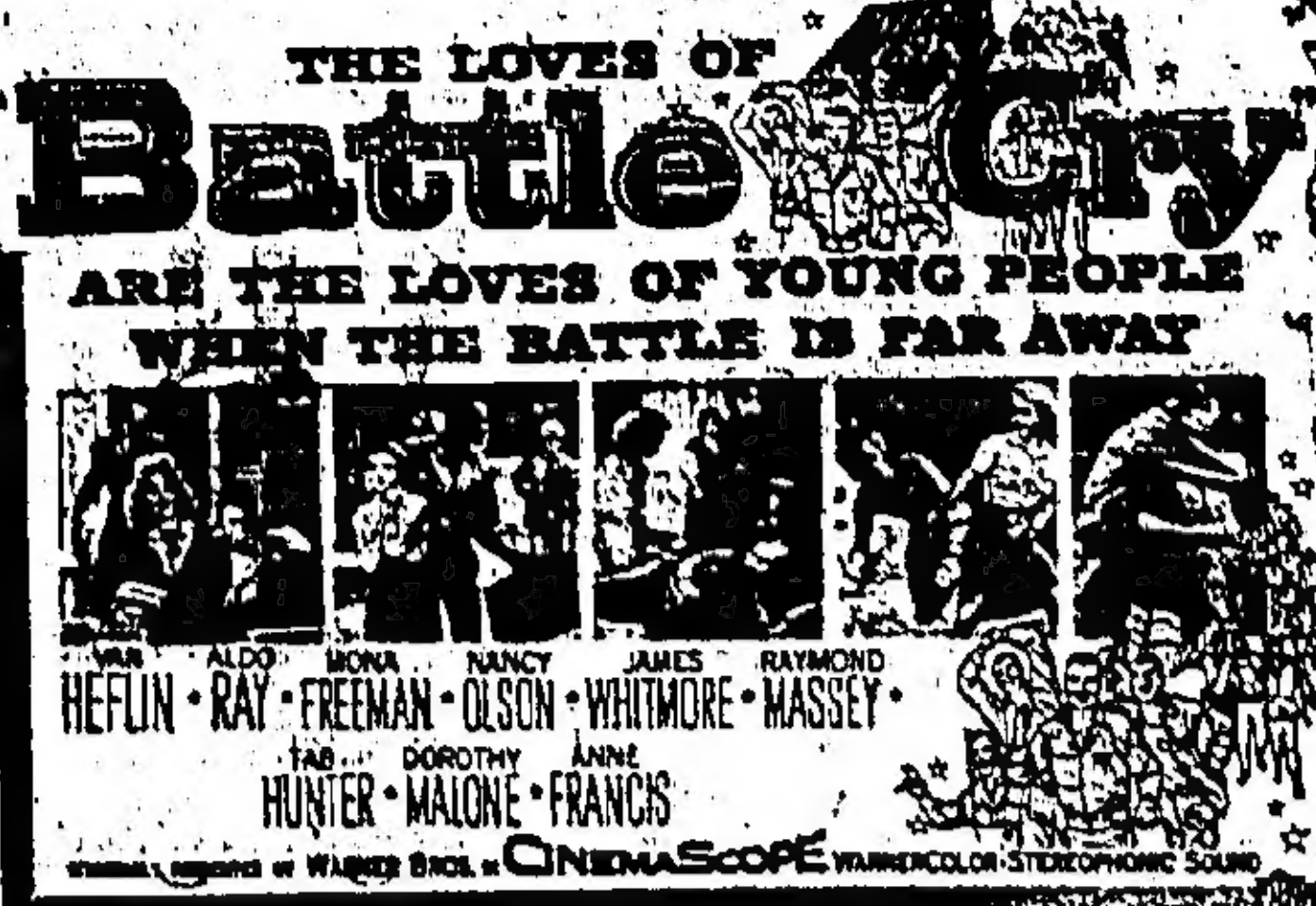
The suave Frenchman, who at 45 is still handsome, even though balding—he now wears a toupee when appearing in a movie—has seldom been as busy as at present. He has just completed a picture "Cobweb," in which he plays the role of a doctor on the staff of a mid-western psychiatric clinic.

His co-stars are Lauren Bacall and Richard Widmark. The day before starting that one he had flown from Paris where he had just completed a French movie, "Nana," opposite Martine Carol.

During the production of "Cobweb," Boyer took a week off to star in a half-hour filmed play for "The Four Star Playhouse," the television enterprise of which he is co-partner with Dick Powell and David Liven.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.



— Return Engagement —
"SARATOGA TRUNK"
Gary Cooper — Ingrid Bergman

★ TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY ★

QUEEN'S	ALHAMBRA
Columbia's Technicolor "HELL BELOW ZERO" with Alan Ladd	RKO presents Lex Barker in "TARZAN'S SAVAGE FURY"

— AT REDUCED PRICES —

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ALL THE SPLENDOR...THE DRAMA...THE HEART OF...



Released by 20th Century-Fox
BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m. A SPECIAL PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by 20th Century-Fox Fox & Warner Brothers

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

REPEATING TO-MORROW • BY POPULAR DEMAND

From the files of the FBI

"THE STREET WITH NO NAME"
Starring Richard WIDMARK • Mark STEVENS
Directed by William Keighley • Produced by Samuel G. Engel
A 20th Century-Fox Encore Triumph!
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL 73721 KOWLOON, TEL 53550

HELD OVER! HELD OVER!

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.



SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY AT 12.30 P.M. AT REDUCED ADMISSION
Dean MARTIN and Jerry LEWIS in
"MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Himalayan Climbers Will Search For The Abominable Snowman

London

A record number of 500 climbers will be scrambling up the slopes and glaciers of the Himalayas this season and veteran Everest, Eric Shipton hopes at least one of the expeditions will find an Abominable Snowman.

It was 66 years ago this month that the trail of the "Snowman" was first spotted by a British hunter in north-east Sikkim.

The President Who Makes A Few Dollars On The Side

Chicago.

Tom Janulis is a solid citizen who leads a double life.

In the morning he is chief elevator starter in a big office building. In the afternoon he is President of an \$11,000,000 savings and loan association.

"Nothing like making a few dollars on the side," he said.

It may seem strange, but Mr. Janulis regards his elevator post as his "regular job." The presidency of the district savings and loan association is a sideline. Actually it doesn't pay a great deal.

But it is a pretty good sideline for a man who came to America from Lithuania as a boy of 15, alone.

Nothing Strange

Mr. Janulis, a big, friendly man with iron gray hair, sees nothing strange in his dual role. He has been an employee of the huge office building at 175 W. Jackson ever since they built the place 42 years ago.

"I worked my way up to chief starter and the pay is good," he said. "I've got 51 men under me, and there are 18,000 people in this building who ride the elevators."

He became President of the savings and loan association during the depression 20 years ago, and he's been re-elected every year since.

"But you can never tell about elections," he said, smiling. "Maybe that's why I keep my starter's job."

Began Humbly

The district savings and loan, like Mr. Janulis, started life humbly. Their stories run parallel, and are marked by a fashioned thrift and hard work.

A group of Lithuanian immigrants founded the association in 1897 with assets of \$14,100 and headquarters in the back room of a saloon. The members thought they were doing well if they saved 50 cents or \$1 a week.

By 1952, the organization had its own modern office building and was a nationality group no longer.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I suppose I might as well say yes, Herb—our parents wouldn't let us get married anyway!"

Safe and smart at the workbench



Audrey Lambert, 20-year-old London model, demonstrates a full-length nylon overall and protective goggles, for the worker operating a lathe. Audrey is one of a team of mannequins who displayed industrial protective clothing at the 3rd National Factory Equipment Exhibition recently held at Earls Court, London.

Children's Railway Track Prank Would Put 'Russian Roulette' In The Shade

Montreal.

Veteran railroad detectives who thought they knew all the daredevil stunts children were capable of dreaming up have come across a new, blood-curdling game.

Groups of boys in suburban Notre Dame de Grace have been reported running down the tracks in front of onrushing trains. The last to jump aside wins.

Such deliberate courting of death fortunately is isolated in the local records of the CPR and CNR police. But the 1,400 men who patrol Canada's 51,000 miles of track learned long ago to fear excitement-seeking youngsters as a full-grown menace.

Not satisfied with merely playing, some children often idly wonder what would happen if they placed some obstruction on the track. Generally, they get more than they bargained for.

Last year, two 14-year-old Montreal boys were fined \$25 and severely reprimanded by Judge J. G. Nicholson for laying the plates along the tracks at the CPR overpass at Decarie Boulevard.

Sgt. Charles Allaway, who spotted the boys, testified in Social Welfare Court that the train scheduled to pass within minutes would have been derailed and toppled over the

side of the overpass onto the heavy rush-hour traffic.

Commented Judge Nicholson: "You might have been responsible for the deaths of hundreds of people."

The problem, however, is not nearly as acute as in the United States, where 854 obstructions resulted in 41 derailments in 1951. "But we're not taking any chances of letting the situation get out of hand," said Mr. George Shea, director of the CNR's investigation department.

In a bid to educate youngsters as to the consequences of trespassing or tampering with railroad equipment, both rail ways have encouraged their agents in towns along tracks to give lectures in classrooms.

Even films dressed up by way of dramatic courting through the "why-try-it?" theme, are available for showing. The movies may not have a slick, Hollywood polish, but they get their message across.

Pulled A Switch

The star in one of these reels is the youngest train-wrecker on record, who practically crawled into the arms of the law after a string of freight cars, including CNR and CPR wagons, jumped the track at Wickersham, Wash., just south of Vancouver.

Investigators found that someone had pulled a switch carelessly left unlocked by the yard crew. But only a child was seen in the vicinity a few hours before the mishap.

Detectives doubted that a child could manipulate a switch! But going through the motions of exploring every lead, they picked a toddler out of the crowd to try it.

The four-year-old threw the switch so easily and expertly that spectators were aroused. Sure enough, he was the villain.—United Press.

Popular 'Metro'

The Madrid underground railway, familiarly known as the "Metro," claims to be the most heavily used tube service in the world. It carried almost one million people a day on an average in 1954, according to figures just released.

Although Madrid has population of only 1,800,000, 946,443 people travelled in the Metro daily last year.—United Press.

WANTED: A HEBREW WORD FOR 'COWBOY'

Tel-Aviv.

So far, no one has invented a good Hebrew word for "Cowboy" and the biblical letters look rather queer especially as the sound "ow" has no equivalent in the tongue of Moses.

Only in the last few months did an urgent need arise for the word when 16 young farmers took a course at the Agricultural Station at Tiberias. They returned to their collective villages adept in the art of lassoing, bareback riding and rounding-up a herd of steers.

Rodeo costume has been radically adapted to the Mediterranean climate. Instead of a wide-brimmed hat, they wear a Beduin scarf round their heads which goes much better with an Arab steed.

Instead of tight-fitting breeches they wear a pair of khaki pants wide enough to let a drachet through.

Stock-breeding

But American exports of the point four programme have convinced Israeli cattle-raisers that rodeo kit is not the most important feature of a cowboy. The U.S. Foreign Operations Mission boosted a scheme for pasture improvement at the big ranch dubbed "Operation Cowboy" which covers the rolling hills on the shore of Lake Tiberias. The Mission also invested in a herd of 2,000 sheep and 300 American heifers.

Stock-breeding for beef has only just begun to find popularity among conservative Israeli farmers.

While poultry-farming and milk-production enjoyed huge Government subsidies, beef cattle had a raw deal.

Slowly, official economics have come round to the idea that chickens eat more dollars than heifers.

Indian Mothers

It takes 344 kilograms of imported fodder to make one kilo of chicken, but only one kilo of fodder to produce the same weight of beef.

Cattle can graze on natural pasture all year, except for the driest season before the winter rains.

Due to Governmental hesitation no more than 10,000 head chew the grass of Israel today.

The herds were mothered four years ago by a consignment of dark-grey Indian cows—Brahmins—which had the advantage of resisting malaria.

Less Meaty

They were acclimated at Acre Agricultural Station, and soon felt quite at home by the Jordan instead of the Ganges. Brahmins being less "meaty" than European pedigree cattle, they will raise a family together with imported Hereford and Dutch cattle.

At a later stage, Acre station will cross-breed them with local Arab cows which withstand tick-fever and drying heat.

The cowboy tradition is still in its infancy here. The combined efforts of Israeli cowboys could not supply a 100-gram meat ration for the whole population.

For a long time to come, meat will have to be imported with a subsidy so that the poorest family can at least enjoy 100 grams at festival times.—United Press.

Madrid's Claim To Antiquity

Not content with having been the leading world power around the 18th century when Spaniards figured so prominently in opening up the new world, Madrid is now trying to establish a claim for its civilisation 4,000 years ago.

Archaeologists have unearthed interesting finds near Madrid on the banks of the Manzanares River revealing evidence of housing, eating and drinking utensils and even ancient fairs of about 2000 BC.

A committee for archaeological excavations has been formed to exploit the diggings—the decree setting up the committee says that its aims are to give Madrid the importance that would pertain to it as the capital of the pre-historic world.—United Press.

Treat For Tourists

Tired of tourists complaining that it was almost impossible to hear flamenco singing in Madrid without "going stumping" or paying night club prices, the Government has sponsored a Madrid cabaret where the genuine article can be heard at a reasonable cost.—United Press.

Capitol

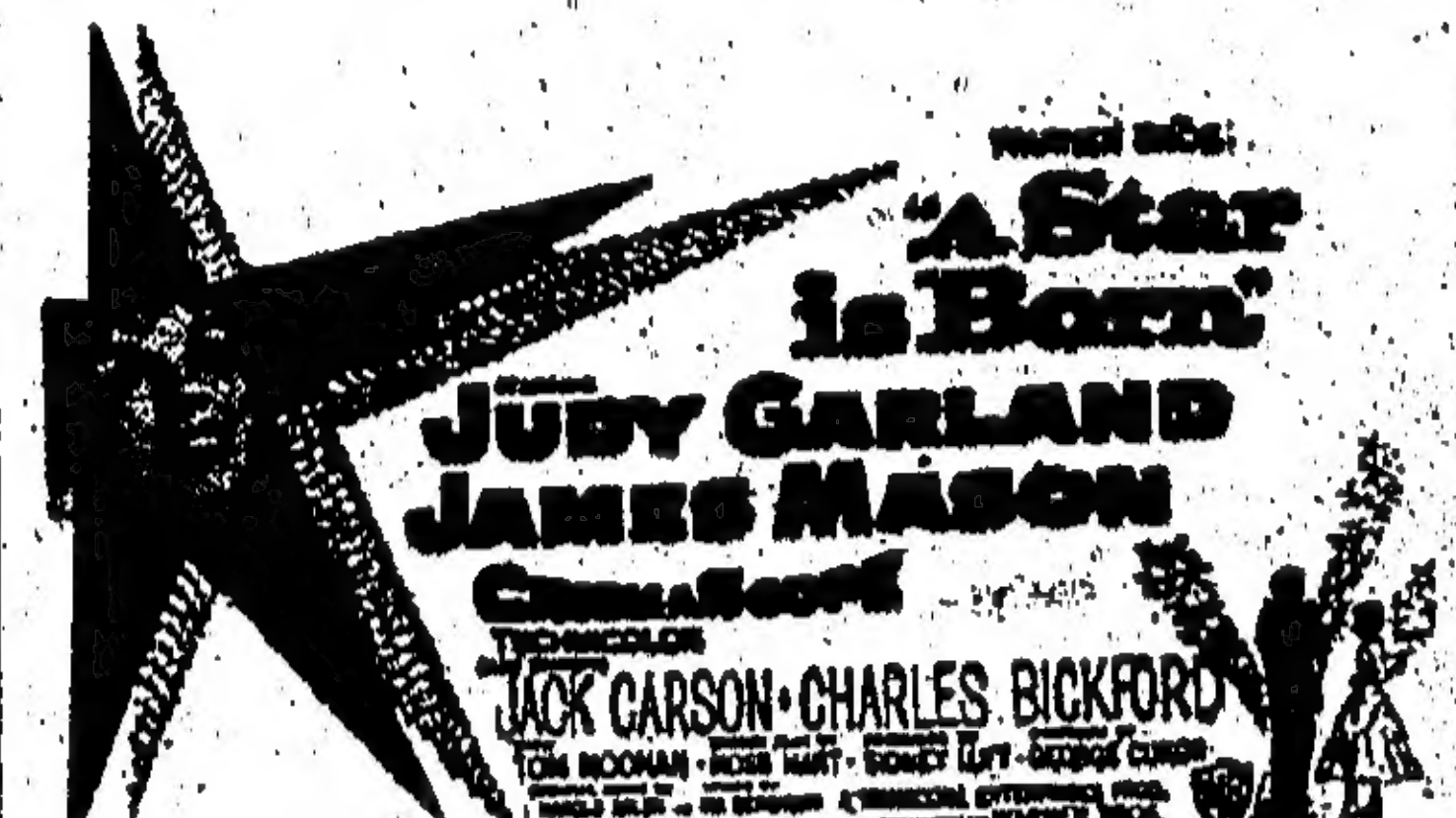
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
ON PANORAMIC SCREEN



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
"D.A.R.D." An Indian Picture
with Suraiya, Munawar Sultana, Suresh
Released Thru GIAN SINGH & CO., H.K. LTD.

RITZ 3 SHOWS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 6.30 & 9.20 P.M.



SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Broadway's Musical Success Comes to the Screen!
In High Fidelity, Perfect Stereophonic Sound!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
BUD & LOU in "LOST IN HAREM" M-G-M Film

The LINDEN PLAYERS

BY PUBLIC DEMAND
A FURTHER PRESENTATION

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MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

on
MONDAY & TUESDAY, MAY 2nd & 3rd at 8.30 p.m.
TICKETS: \$5 and \$3
AT MOUTRIES OR THE DOOR.

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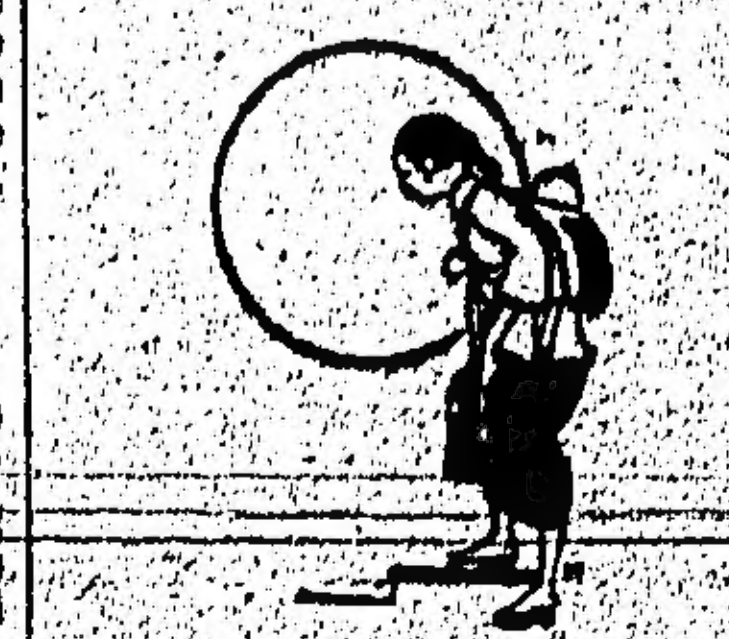
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



PRESENTATION of new Colours by HRH The Princess Royal to the 7th Battalion, the Worcestershire Regiment. The Princess Royal salutes the Colours. Officers with the Colours are Lt D. P. K. Gaunt and Lt R. Q. Cavanagh.



LEFT: Group Captain Peter Townsend on the scales in the jockeys' room at the Brussels race course, where he rode Mr D'Ockhuysen's, Nimrod to victory. Townsend, whose name has long been linked with Princess Margaret, again made the news as the subject of a disputed statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury in South Africa. (Central)



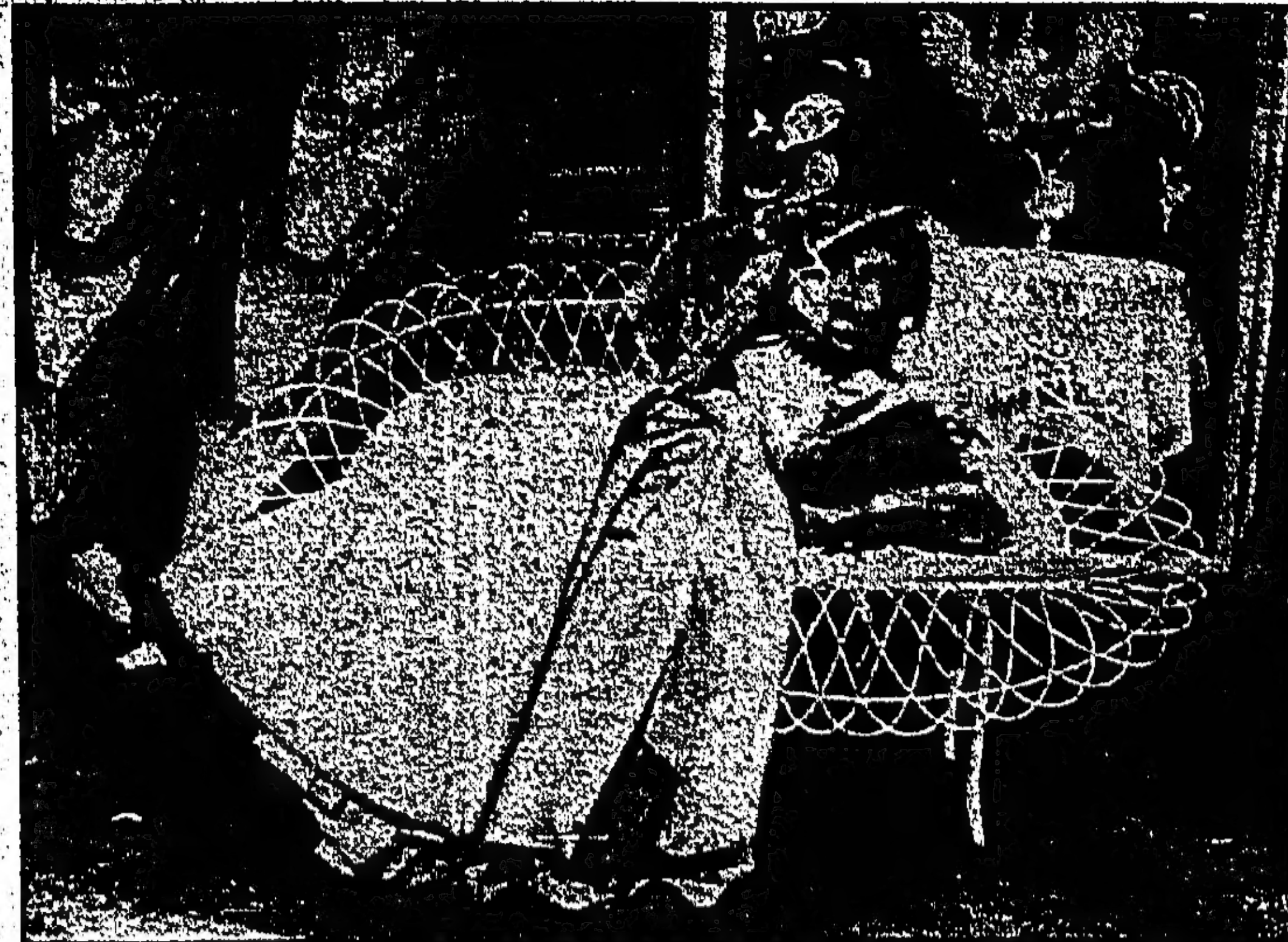
WINNING eight bouts out of ten, the Army gained the Imperial Services boxing championship by beating the Navy and RAF. General Sir Cameron Nicholson, President of the Imperial Services Boxing Association, presenting the trophy to QMSI F. Verlander, trainer of the Army team. (Army News)



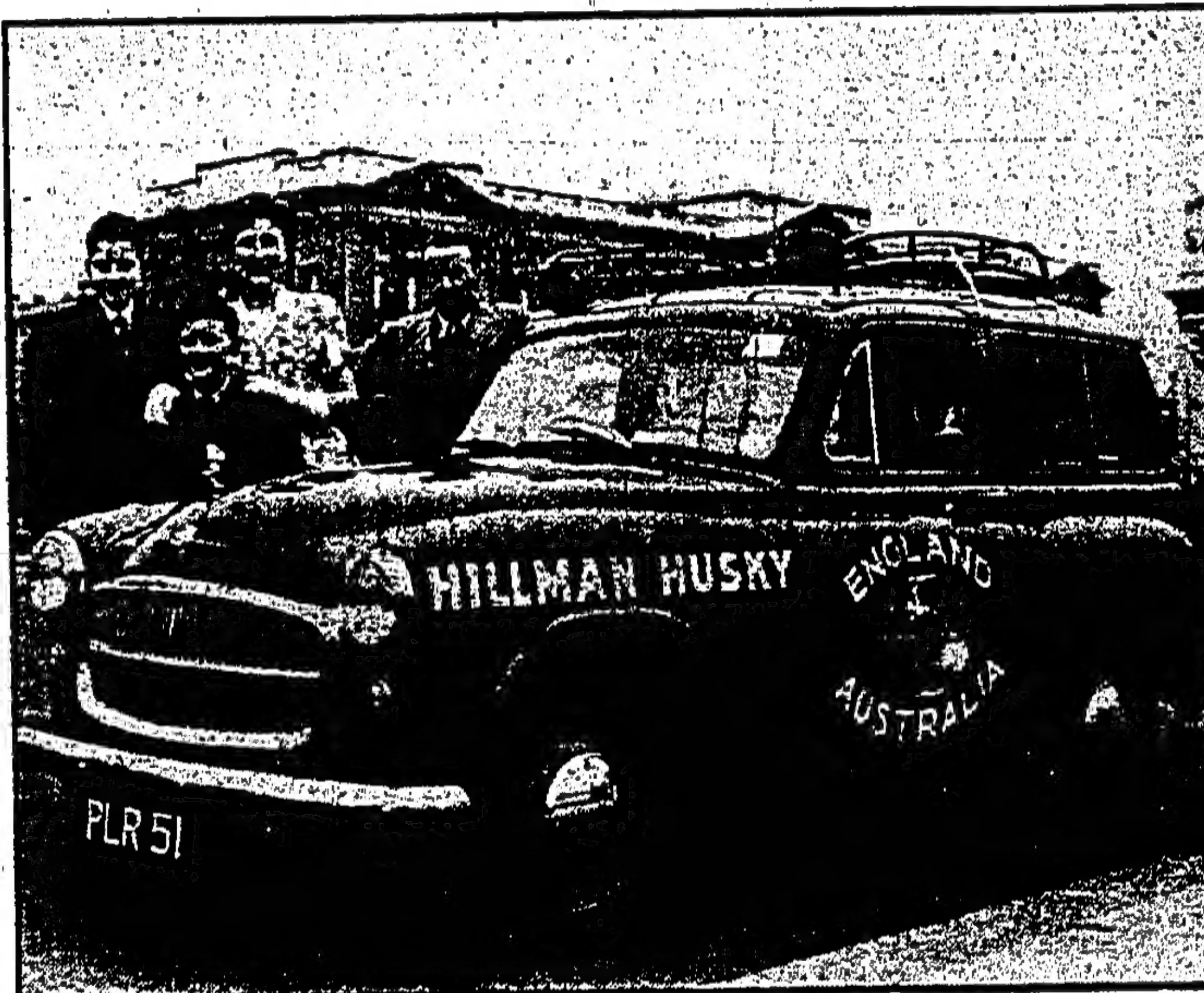
RAPIDLY rising above the rugged countryside at Aultgish, in Ross and Cromarty, is the Glascarnoch Dam, part of the northern Scotland hydro-electric scheme. The immense concrete structure will be 1728 feet long and 95 feet high. It will contain a reservoir formed by the waters of the river Glascarnoch. This supply will be piped to Lurchart, where the generating station is being built. (Reuterphoto)



A fortune in solid gold gets a dusting from London dancer Jacqueline Curtis, 18, who wields the feather brush over an 18-piece dinner service worth £15,000. It will be on show at the coming British Industries Fair. (Reuterphoto)



PEARL BAILEY, star of the Broadway musical, "House of Flowers," which is to be seen in London shortly. The musical is the most opulent new show in New York. Pearl Bailey stops the show with her sensational song, "One Man Ain't Quite Enough." (Express)



AUSTRALIAN racing driver and author Fred J. Thwaites seen in London with his wife and two sons before they set out on their 12,000-mile journey by car to Australia. He plans to write another book based on his experiences during the trip. (Express)



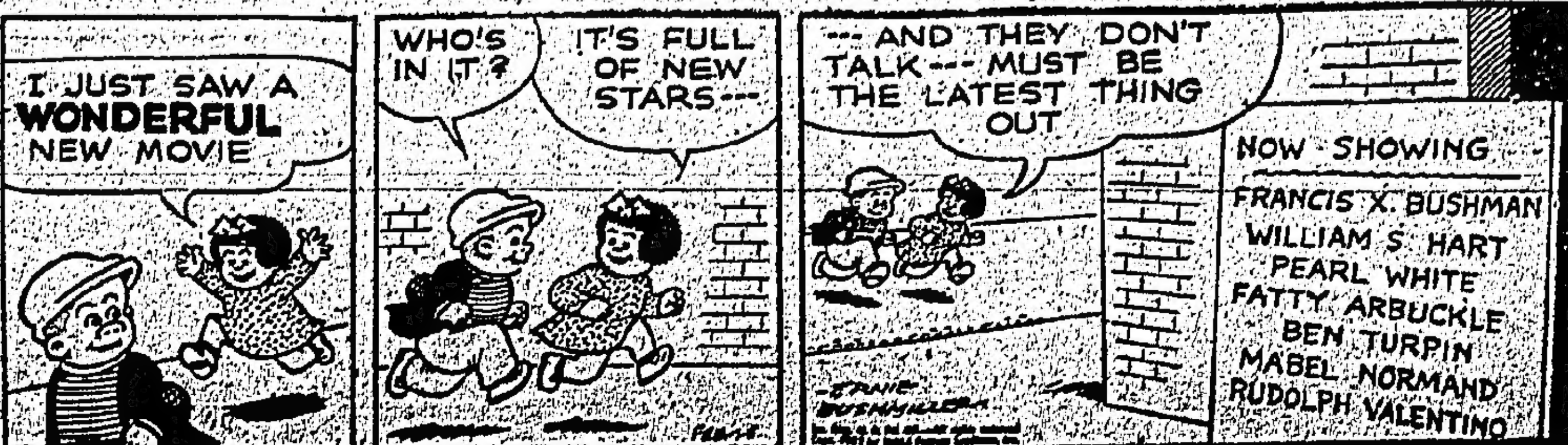
HM Submarine Acheron (in background), commanded by Lieut-Commander Peter Hay, RN, leaving Gosport, Hants, on a trip round the Cape of Good Hope to Trincomalee and back through the Mediterranean. The trip will take about six months, and during the cruise observations intended to increase scientific knowledge of the earth's crust will be made. (Reuterphoto)



A bedraggled oil-smearred swan is hooked by a RSPCA assistant on the foreshore of the Thames at Putney before being taken to a depot for cleaning. It will be kept ashore until the plumage returns to normal. (Reuterphoto)

THIS unfamiliar aerial is designed to be used for receiving both BBC and commercial television programmes in Britain, and is one of several being shown at the Radio Industry Council's exhibition in London. (Reuterphoto)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

Seven were saved—but it cost the lives of 17

THE dinghy had already shipped three or four inches of water. The six men—survivors of the Wellington which had come down in the Bay of Biscay—sat three on either side, baling out continually.

A few minutes before they had been flying on night patrol in search of U-boats. Then there had been the alarm as sparks started flying from the starboard engine.... the SOS as the aircraft steadily lost height.... the ditching on the choppy sea.

Triggs, the pilot, and Badham, the navigator, were Australians. With them in the dinghy now were Walker, the second pilot; Cartwright, the radio operator; Devonshire and McLean, the gunners.

At first the men used their cupped hands to bale out the dinghy; then, as more and more water slopped in over the side they each removed a shoe and kept baling with a steady rhythm.

They were sick continually until they had nothing left to bring up, but still they retched and choked.

Their plight

WHEN dawn came it brought a fuller realisation of their plight.

The seas were mountainous and visibility was down to half a mile. But this part of the Bay was always a scene of activity, day and night. They were only about 80 miles off the Brest peninsula, right in the path of the anti-U-boat patrols. They were certain to see aircraft, and sooner or later an aircraft would see them.

During the morning they sighted a dozen aircraft, but none of them saw the dinghy.

Then, at half-past two, a Whitley with a Beaufighter escort arrived, obviously carrying out a thorough search. The Whitley dropped a spare dinghy, but it fell so far upwind

WITH APPALLED WONDER, THE CREW IN THE DINGHY WATCHED THE DEATH THROES OF A GREAT PLANE...

by RALPH BARKER

that the men in the dinghy could not reach it. Next the Whitley dropped a bag of supplies, which they retrieved. They were pleased to find in the bag a Very pistol and several cartridges.

The Whitley and Beaufighters set course for home, but a few minutes before eight o'clock that evening the men in the dinghy sighted a Sunderland.

Triggs fired off a Very cartridge and the Sunderland acknowledged the signal and turned in their direction.

They watched anxiously while it circled the dinghy.

Triggs wanted to signal the pilot and tell him that there was a 12-foot sea running and that attempting a landing looked dangerous in the extreme, but all he could do was gaze upwards dumbly. If he tried to signal with his arms he would probably be misunderstood, perhaps not even noticed.

Sinking...

THEY watched in deathly silence as the Sunderland began its landing run.

It slithered across the first wave, but the swell was deep and the Sunderland had lost little speed. It bounced into the next wave, bounded on, and struck the third wave-top with its tail down and its nose in the air.

"Engines!" screamed Triggs. "Engines!" The delay until the sound of the engines reached them was agony. The Sunderland was

sinking on to a fourth wave. A tremendous roar reached them as the Sunderland pilot used full motor to clear yet another surging, turgid swell-top. It was too late. The port float seemed to bury itself in the swell and drag the rest of the aircraft round with it in a great swinging arc, piling the starboard side of the Sunderland up on top of the port side in a grotesque illusion. The port side of the aircraft sank beneath the sea, and the starboard wing groped 50 feet upwards to the sky.

"God Almighty," breathed Triggs.

It burst

AS he spoke he saw that the up of the starboard wing was missing, and in the next moment there was a screaming sound as of an engine racing, and the starboard inner motor streaked fire and then burst into flames. The men in the dinghy watched with appalled wonder as the great Sunderland, enormous in its death-throes, like a huge animal, righted itself for a second, and then nosed forward with its tail pointing to the sky.

It was the time of sunset, and the evening sky, dark and lowering, reflected the blazing aircraft.

Unknown to Triggs and his crew, the men in the Sunderland, numbering 12 in all, had clambered out quickly on to the wing, where they fought, to inflate their dinghies. Only one dinghy inflated, and as they

began to pile into it—a bulge appeared in the pneumatic outer ring and swelled up until the dinghy burst.

From the air they had seen the dinghy that the Whitley had dropped some hours earlier. The pilot of the Sunderland told his men to try to reach that dinghy. One of them, Watson, a beach life-saver from Sydney, fought against the tumultuous seas and reached the dinghy exhausted. He was unable to carry out a plan to paddle the dinghy back to the others. One by one the remaining 11 men of the Sunderland drowned in the turbulent sea.

Rougher still

WHEN night fell the wind increased and the sea roughened, and waves began to break into the Wellington's dinghy again, keeping all six men baling incessantly.

Next morning the water was still rough, and the dinghy tossed precariously on the switchback seas. Sometimes, lifted to the top of the swell, they caught a glimpse of the Whitley dinghy, too fleeting for full recognition.

None of the crew felt hungry or thirsty, and the thought of the dinghy rations was unappealing. The campfires from their clothes had seeped into their bones, and they felt clammy and wretched.

In the course of the day two Whitleys arrived on the scene. One circled at 200 feet and started signalling.

STRIKE CYCLE IN BRITAIN

By JOHN McKENNA

LONDON. "NO newspapers to read in the train is bad enough," grouched a typical Londoner, "but no trains to read newspapers in..."

As ordinary Londoners always do, he was taking philosophically the technicians' strike which had paralysed the national press for all but two weeks and the threatened stoppages by railway engine-drivers and firemen.

From farther up the national ladder, though, from the "economists' point of view, it was not so easy to be philosophical. Britain, it seemed to many of them, was approaching the peak of another strike cycle. For, broadly speaking, labour stoppages tend to come in batches in this country.

Out came the usual spate of economics catch-phrases like "wages chasing prices." No less true than before, but some economists thought not the sole reason for the wage demands which so often bring strikes in their wake.

The malaise, they maintained, went deeper than that, was less susceptible of solution by economic formula and, in fact, seemed more like a job for a psychologist than an economist or politician.

As they saw it, the trouble was this: Too many Britons want to use the economic and living

standards of 1938, the last pre-war year, as a yardstick of their individual prosperity. As a result, the arguments they adduce, while understandable enough from a purely human viewpoint, are unrealistic. In brief, said thoughtful economists, bigger pay-packets are demanded on occasion not because they are strictly necessary to meet rising costs, but because the worker wants to keep his end up on the social scale.

It seems to work like this: In 1938 let's say a bank clerk lived better than a miner. Since then miners' wages have shot up to meet cost of living demands. So have bank clerks'. But the result has been a levelling out of living standards, and the bank clerk finds that he is now on the same social plane as the miner.

But the bank clerk is not inclined to take the view that the miner had to get bigger incomes because of his lower starting point. His view is that since his skill has not decreased since 1938, and the miner's skill has not increased, his salary should have gone up commensurately to maintain his superior status.

So, said the economists, the problem was largely a human one and not necessarily the fault of any economic maladjustment.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



EXPLOITS of the GOLDFISH CLUB

BUT now they saw a German motor-launch, protected by a fighter umbrella, bearing down on them fast.

The Beaufighters escorting the British motor-launches dived on the F.W. 190s. One F.W. 190 pulled up suddenly with smoke pouring from the cockpit.

The first British motor-launch was now alongside the dinghy, and one of the Wimpy crew and the Sunderland survivor were taken aboard. The German motor-launch hovered in the distance, awaiting its chance. It was 0745 when one of the escorting Hudsons signalled "Operation completed."

The Hudson's signal was premature. As the four motor-launches assumed a close diamond formation and got under way on a northerly course for home, back came the F.W. 190s to attack them.

Smoke trail

ALL four motor-launches opened fire simultaneously, putting down a curtain of fire through which the F.W. 190s had to fly. Cannon and machine-gun bullets from the fighters lashed the sea around the launches.

"We've got him! We've got him!" The airman shouted excitedly as one of the F.W. 190s swerved and pulled up shakily, smoke pouring from its exhaust. They watched as the second fighter rapidly overtook it, and then both aircraft broke off the action and hurried on their way towards Brest. The damaged F.W. 190 staggered on uncertainly in the wake of its fellow, leaving a trail of smoke to mark its path.

Two minutes later an F.W. Concorde and a Ju 88 were sighted. And in the distance, frustrated and envious but still constituting a latent threat, waited the German motor-launch and the three Arados, watching like the jealous neighbours of a lottery winner.

The Concorde shadowed them at a distance of some five miles, but the Ju 88, after two feint attacks, suddenly burst through the cloud above them and dived into the attack with guns firing.

"Dive-bombing!" yelled Triggs.

Whether the Ju 88 carried bombs or not they would never know, for in that moment the German pilot looked over his shoulder, like a jockey who fears being overtaken, and gave

straight into the nose of a Beaufighter approaching from abeam. He pulled straight out of his dive as bullets ripped into his fuselage, and followed his F.W. 190 friends in a dash for Brest.

The Concorde shadowed them for three hours, but they soon left the German motor-launch and the Arados behind, and the rest of the voyage was uneventful. They arrived off Land's End at three o'clock that afternoon and entered Newlyn Harbour at 1729, five and a half days after their take-off from Chivenor.

Balance sheet

WHEN the analysis of the incident came to be written the Director-General of Aircraft Safety struck a balance sheet.

He had to enter on the debit side the loss of the Sunderland with 11 of its crew, the Whitley with its crew of six, and Triggs' Wellington. Three aircraft and 17 men.

Then he turned the page over and wrote down the credit side. Six aircraft from the Wellington. One aircraft from the Sunderland. One Ju 88, probably destroyed. One F.W. 190, damaged and probably destroyed. Two hundred hours' flying experience of air-sea rescue operations. And lastly, and perhaps most significant of all, the maintenance of a high state of morale through having snatched an entire crew from within the grasp of the enemy after 124 hours at sea.

[These extracts are from "Down in the Drink," to be published by Chatto and Windus.]



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OMEGA Seamaster Calendar

Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA TISSOT

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

NINTY-NINE years ago the engineer son of a French emigre pondered on a problem that has recently become familiar to all of us, and which we now call metal fatigue.

Concurrently he was also suggesting to the Admiralty a design for armoured gunboats to subdue the Russian forts in the Baltic. In his memorandum he wrote:

"The mode of propelling may be by screw, but I prefer the jet."

The Board of Admiralty contentedly procrastinated until the Russian war was over, and there was no further need for submarine gunboats. Brunel's jet-propelled submarine.

Meanwhile he had returned to yet another venture. Brunel, many of whose bridges and other works are still in use, was well ahead of officialdom. But private enterprise, enriched and slightly tipsy from the strong draught of steam bottled in iron cylinders, strove to keep pace with him. It eagerly gave up the initial capital for a scheme that was fantastic even for those imaginative times.

Stubbed by the admirals, the swarthy little engineer devoted his energy to the rearing of his favourite child, the Great Eastern steamship building at Millwall.

The Biggest

The vessel was the biggest asphidochela in the marine world, large enough to carry its own fuel to India or Australia. It was just what the merchants thought they wanted—a ship to avoid the long delays at coaling stations that retarded freight and passenger charges.

It was 692 ft. long and of 18,000 tons, five times larger than anything afloat. Not until the ill-fated Lusitania was launched in 1906 was there anything larger. Like the Lusitania, the Great Eastern was also ill-fated, though in a different way and for different reasons.

Construction, alongside the Thames, began just 100 years ago. Though of slender, graceful form the liner was no lady but a fascinating jade, who lured men on and then viciously side-swiped them to ruin or destruction.

While her frames and plates were rising above the Millwall roofline two men fell to their death, another was killed by a falling riveter (who survived), and an inquisitive visitor to the yard expired when a steam hammer smote his head. These were the reported fatalities of the pre-launch construction period.

One Died

When Brunel began the bridge into the Thames, on November 3, 1857, the ship took charge of a shore-side winch and spun its lever bars like sails. The winch crew were flung among the crowd, and one of them died from his injuries. Brunel and a foreman shipwright braved the winch, the ship's slide was stopped. She settled on the slipway and refused to budge further. It took three more months to get the stubborn she-devil into the water. The extra work entailed accounted for a £100,000 addition to her bill and broke the owners.

The Great Eastern, uncompleted, was in disgrace. She had already cost close on 1,000,000 Victorian pounds, and a third of this again was needed to fit her out. The shareholders lost £800,000, and the vessel was taken over by a new company for £180,000.

The new directors proposed to put her on the Atlantic run, and Brunel protested in vain that the ship would prove uneconomical on such short hauls. He took his huff and his recently diagnosed Bright's disease off to Egypt.

A Stroke

Brunel returned in a better frame of mind and boarded the ship to watch her paddlewheel and screw engines turn for the first time on September 6, 1859. They carried him ashore with a paralytic stroke and he died ten days later at his house in Duke Street, St James's. He was 53.

On September 7, 1859, the ship steamed 12 knots in the Thames estuary and commenced the voyage to Holyhead where the owners intended to put her on show.

Off the Kent coast a water-jacket exploded and six firemen died. Half the crew refused to hoist the dead; the ring-leaders were tried for the first of the Great Eastern's four mutinies and three of them sentenced.

By Holyhead, she reached and the Prince Consort added time to the throng of sight-seers who boarded her.

At Holyhead the ship rode out a fierce storm, but repairs put the owners in the red. They applied for Government assistance but what Gladstone said in 1879 was "No aid!" Captain Hamilton, the first master, and

a boy were drowned while going ashore. The directors resigned and Daniel Gooch, Brunel's old loco superintendent on the Great Western Railway, took charge.

Gooch sent her to New York in June, 1860, with only 35 passengers occupying space for 2,000 and little cargo. New York fared the monster, but Portland, Maine, which had built a £25,000 pier to accommodate her,

sued for this outlay—without success.

The owners lacked proper business acumen and a good public relations officer. After the first flush of enthusiasm New Yorkers complained at the high cost of boarding this new sideshow and of the intolerant attitudes of the stuffy Britishers to gentlemen in liquor. Their affections were properly alienated when the ship took 2,000 Yankees for a two days' cruise and put them ashore again unfed, unbedded and covered with soot from her five funnels.

The New York Times warned: "The Great Eastern has returned to the City and is advertised to start immediately for Annapolis Roads. Don't go."

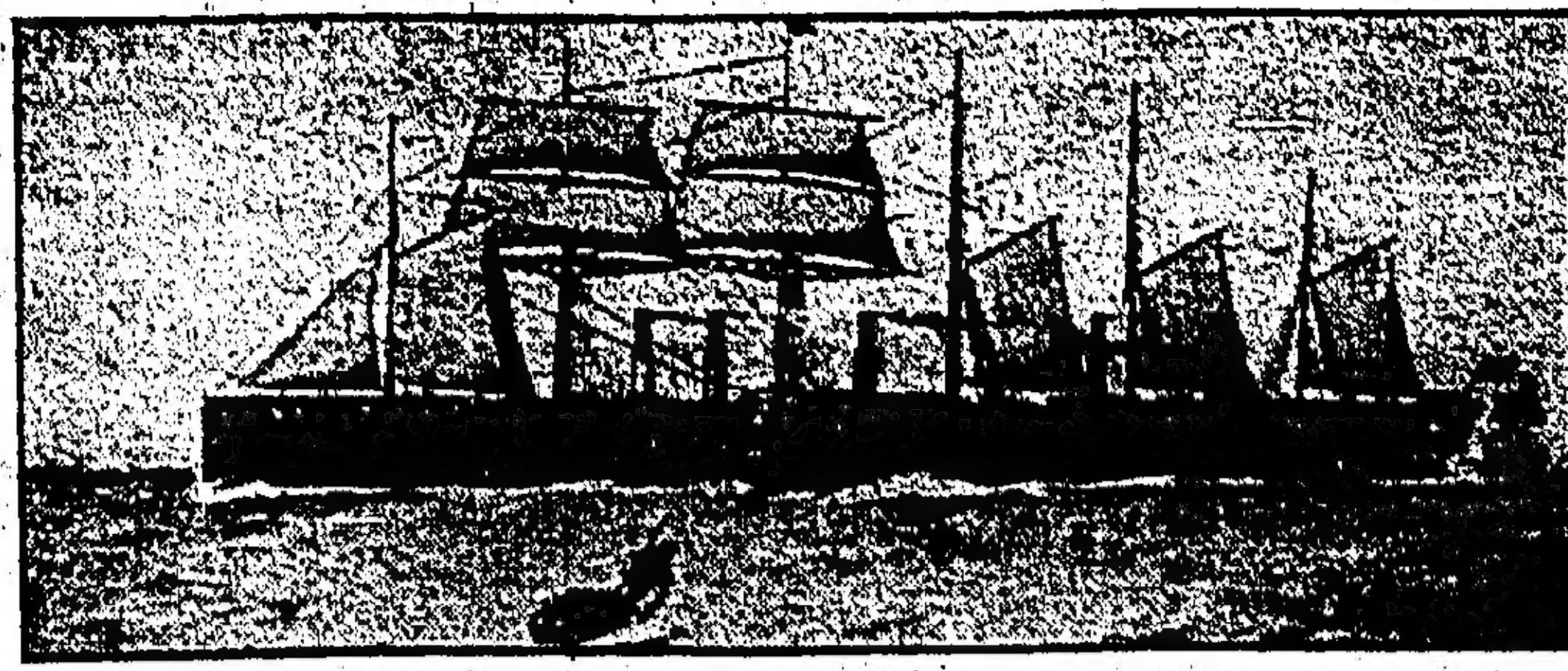
Two of the crew drowned in the North River; one died in an honest ball-room fight, another was murdered by a drunken man and a quartermaster drank himself to death in his bunk.

Great Eastern returned to Millwall heavily in debt. A broken propeller shaft added to the repairs bill. In the Pembroke port the fatality list was increased by two sight-seers whose boat was swamped. The great ship swung in the tide against H.M.S. Elephant and Gooch was slated with another £350 damages to the man of war's figurehead.

Too Cold

She was too cold a ship for the Atlantic in winter and the second trip was not made until May, 1861. Meanwhile courts had awarded £24,000 to the builder who made repairs after the water-jacket explosion. Gooch felt better when the Government chartered Great Eastern to transport 2,000 troops and families to Canada. She made a record crossing of 8 days 6 hours to Cape Pine, but the charter was not repeated.

On the next voyage 27 fare-paying passengers sustained serious fractures during a storm and a passengers' committee took over the engine-room, alleging incompetence of the professionals. Major repairs; another bill—for £50,000.



The Great Eastern on her first voyage to America.

HOODOO SHIP

By MICHAEL GANNON



Perhaps the first real "Press photograph" ever taken—Isambard K. Brunel (left) at the launching of the Great Eastern.

In 1862 Captain Walter Paton took command, and this genial sailor looked like making the ship pay. She carried 1,500 passengers on one trip and began to be popularly regarded on both sides of the Atlantic.

But even Paton could not kill the jinx. On her second voyage under him Great Eastern hit an uncharted rock off Long Island. The double bottom saved her, but repairs in America cost £70,000 and a diver in charge of them surfaced hurriedly one day looking as white and cheerful as a codfish and swearing that he had heard a ghost.

Gossips recalled the story of a riveter who was supposed to have been trapped alive between the inner and outer skins during building. Paton proved that an unshackled chain had caused the spectral tapping, but ever after the ghost of the dockyard mule was accorded responsibility for the Great Eastern's troubles. There were many who declared his frantic hammering had risen above the sounds of the ship during storms and moments of danger.

A Useful Period

During the delayed return voyage, on January 15, 1863, Captain Paton's wife gave birth to a boy, who was called Jimmy. Despite this happy proof that even pregnant women could journey in the Great Eastern in comfort and safety the ship never made good as a passenger carrier or as a freighter. The owners were in deeper water than ever, and the ship was auctioned for £20,000.

Then came a useful period as a cable-layer. Her proportions and steadiness made her ideal for the job of accommodating and paying out thousands of miles of wire. The Great Atlantic cable from Ireland, when the far shore was reached, a telegraphist tapped out a new-fangled expression, "O.K." before Queen Victoria sent greeting to President Johnson.

The ship laid a second cable from France to the United States, then one across the Indian Ocean. She seemed well behaved and happy in her work, and then somebody built a proper cable-laying ship.

In 1874 the great ship had ended her really useful life. Thereafter her fortunes declined rapidly. One set of owners refused to allow her to become a gambling hell off New Orleans, but another set turned her into something equally obnoxious—a container for a floating race shop, with dog-dancers and all, in the Mersey. And for a period she was used as a floating off Liverpool as an advertising hoarding, her sides exhorting Liverpudlians, in 25-

foot lettering, to shop at Lewis's Bon Marche. Lewis's is still going strong; Lord Woolton was its boss until he became Minister of Food.

National types in the Lancashire seaport were indignant at such treatment of the old lady. She may have been a witch at times, but she still retained a lot of affection. She was still the biggest asphidochela, though drooping visibly.

None waxed more wrathfully than Jimmy Paton, who had served a marine apprenticeship and then settled ashore in a successful business. Unless this nonsense ceased, he threatened, he would fill his natal shell with gunpowder and blow her up.

At last the shipbreakers claimed her for a decent end. In 1890 she was taken apart. When they reached the lower parts of the inner double skin a shaken workman dropped his tools and a hush fell over the ship. He had uncovered the skeleton of the ghostly riveter—and more.

Alongside it were the bones of his mate, a mere boy who had been embroiled alive with him at Millwall nearly forty years before. The Great Eastern bankrupted seven companies and lost £2,000,000. It is said she claimed a total of 35 lives. There are, of course, those who blame it all on the hoodoo of the riveter and his mate.

Too Advanced

James Paton, who became a knight and died only six years ago, thought differently. The trouble with the ship, he reckoned, was that Brunel's design was too advanced for the materials available at the time. The little engineer never got round to solving the problem of metal fatigue that caused the explosion and broke the propeller shaft. There is a fairly close parallel in the aircraft industry of today.

Nevertheless, James Paton believed that but for the cost of repairs and loss through time wasted after the affair with the uncharted rock his father could have turned the ship into a success.

Sir Henry Bishop, composer of "Home, Sweet Home" and "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" died 100 years ago today

He Was Popular But Died In Poverty

By Gerard Bourke

THE sentimental ballad "Home, Sweet Home" has spun nostalgic memories for exiles for more than a century, and had been arranged for all musical combinations. Yet it brought Henry Bishop, who died in London 100 years ago on April 30, neither a serene home life nor wealth.

Deserted by his second wife, he died almost in poverty, having been paid only twenty pounds for the song that sold more than 100,000 copies within a year. More than 900 other songs, duets and choruses, as well as 18 operas are among his listed works.

The son of a London watchmaker, Henry Bishop lived most of his boyhood with a rich Newmarket racehorse owner. At first he had hoped the boy might become a jockey, per-sons even regarding the Derby honours which he had won in 1886, the year of Bishop's birth.

But although of slight build, the boy was too delicate to ride arduous races, and, in any case, was much more interested in music than in horses. Nevertheless, his kindly patron arranged for him to have a sound musical education, so that when only 13 he was partner in a firm of music publishers, launching his first compositions.

First Opera

When 23 years old, Bishop saw his first opera, "The Circassian Bride," staged at London's Drury Lane Theatre. Although it was acclaimed on the opening night, he could not judge its lasting value, since the theatre was burned down immediately after the performance and even the new score was lost. Fortunately, he was able to rewrite it from memory.

And the new opera gave him something else, his bride, Elizabeth Lyon, who had sung the leading part. She was related to Lady Hamilton, through whom Bishop had met her, having already written a birthday song for her daughter, Horatia Nelson.

It was then customary for operas to be presented in London consisting largely of songs and ensembles set to poems by various authors. Often the music was hybrid too, being adopted from the classics or from popular foreign operas. "Home, Sweet Home" first appeared in such a work.

Bishop's "Clari, or the Maid of Milan" was produced at Covent Garden in 1828, and the song—an early example of the theme song—was set to words by an American, John Payne, who later became manager of the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London. It was immediately published independently, and established Bishop's fame in salons throughout the country and abroad.

Bird Imitation

But he is remembered in less favourable light as a free adaptor of other men's music and words. He presented outrageously adapted versions of Mozart's operas in London, pleading that it was better to do so than to leave the works unheard. "My sole object in so doing," he wrote, "was to improve the national taste for opera by rendering English audiences more familiar with truly dramatic music."

"Don Giovanni" appeared as "The Libertine," including music from other Mozart operas, and even some of Bishop's own. He also tampered with Shakespeare's texts to suit his music. The famous bird-imitating song, "Lo, here the gentle lark," was first heard in Bishop's production of Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors."

Only one word of Shakespeare's lines was altered here. Meanwhile, Bishop and his wife had visited the Continent. Back in London he was asked to stage his new opera, "Aladdin," at the rebuilt Drury Lane Theatre as a counter-attraction to Weber's new "Oberon," which the composer was preparing for its first performance at Covent Garden.

Bishop felt free to accept the offer, since he had recently resigned his post as musical director of "Covent Garden" on failing to win an increase in salary.

But Bishop's talents were, of course, much inferior to those

of the German composer, who had crossed to London for his premiere. Whereas "Oberon," a delightful fairy opera, was at once acclaimed—two months before Weber's death—Bishop's "Aladdin" was stillborn, and it was the last opera he attempted.

"Bishop is certainly a man of talent, but without any originality or invention," Weber remarked on hearing it, adding generously, "I wish him the best success. We all have room in the world."

By that time, Bishop had become the most popular of the early Victorian English composers, and received several important musical posts. He was a founder of the (Royal) Philharmonic Society whose gold medal is still the highest British award in music, and was later appointed director of the fashionable Vauxhall Gardens. In addition, he was among those who started London's Royal Academy of Music, and he died Professor of Music at Oxford.

In 1832, Bishop's first wife died, and only four weeks later he married a 21-year-old pupil at the Academy—again one of his musical projects provided a bride. But this time his choice was unwise, although she bore him three children, she deserted him after eight years in favour of Bechstein, a French harpist.

Recognition

Soon afterwards, Bishop received official recognition, being called to Windsor Castle to become the first English recipient of a knighthood for services to music. The Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington were among his personal friends, and he was specially chosen to compose a march for the Duke's funeral. He had also written a "Waterloo Ode."

Sir Henry Bishop is remembered today in London by his portrait on the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, and, less effectively, by a monument over his grave in Finchley Cemetery, on which are engraved, in iron, the dates for both his birth and death. But people in almost every land still know him merely as the gifted composer of "Lo, here the gentle lark" and especially of "Home, Sweet Home."

SATURDAY SHORT STORY

THE LITTLE WOMAN

By BERT COOMBS

IT was crisis hour in Walnut Row. The children were in school, and their chanting of lessons sounded out into the valley as the chill wind blew along that row of grey stone and slated houses. Some of the housewives had hurried their cleaning and were standing at open doors, confident that all inside was presentable. Others had postponed that problem by shutting the door and standing outside with folded arms. It was half-past nine in the morning. The second round of the battle between Elsie Walters and the dustmen was due to start.

It seemed that the dustmen had won the first round. Elsie had not been ready for their refusal. Since she had a large amount of rubbish and ashes waiting, Elsie had loaded them into a small bath which had not been used since a leak had shown in the bottom. To Elsie, it had seemed a most suitable receptacle, going away with the need for several buckets.

With some slight help from her aged father, she had dragged it to the curb and rested content until she saw that the dustmen had tested it, and left it full.

They were a dozen yards away when Elsie called to them, and pointed to the loaded bath. Elsie was twenty-one, small in figure and good-looking. Owing to these attributes, the nearest dustman-explained in quite a friendly tone, that the bath was too heavy for their combined lifting. Elsie's voice was strong in proportion to her size and she was no slouch at answering back.

Walnut Row brightened up with the knowledge that excitement was abroad. The dust-lorry moved slowly forward, accepting the contents of other

buckets. Elsie watched it go. Her face was flushed and her dark curls danced as the wind lifted them. "I'll be here again tomorrow," she called after the dustmen.

"And I'll stay there," the biggest dustman replied. After her father had helped her drag the bath inside the gate, Elsie received the support and sympathy of most women in the Row. It was agreed that men, and especially dustmen, were becoming too tired for anything in the nature of hard work.

Next morning, the loaded bath was outside again. So was Elsie and almost everyone living in the Row. Elsie's father leant against the doorway and smoked happily, content that this excitement had something to do with his home.

The dust lorry turned the corner and came slowly up the Row. Two men tipped the buckets over the deep sides and the driver moved onwards at a slow walking pace. Walnut Row was as silent and eager as if a thriller film were being shown. At number 20, Elsie stood silently, bare arms folded. One dustman paused to look at the bath. His mate crossed to him and each caught in a handle. They had surrendered. The Row was jubilant. Then the biggest dustman shook his head, and both straightened up. They left the loaded bath. Elsie, hands on slim hips, walked up the Row after them, belittling their energy and their intention. The big man stood to defend the cause.

"It's too big," he stated. "Use something smaller." "Too big, my hat!" Elsie was emphatic. "You're big enough to eat it!"

The dustmen considered that suggestion for a few seconds, then shouted, "That's how men get stumped, that is, lifting things the like of that."

We don't get paid for straining ourselves. I'm a man, I am, not a crane." "A man are you?" Elsie sounded dubious. "Well, I never. Fine sort of man, I must say. The only weight you likes lifting is a jug of beer. Man, he calls himself!"

The driver increased speed a little, but Elsie followed up. "Too good a time you've been having," Elsie continued, "as refusing to pay rates for the likes of you."

The driver increased speed just a little more and the fillers pretended they had not heard. That mention of rates had brought a loud murmur of support from the other women and had also given Elsie an idea. She hurried a few doors higher up, where Joe Jenkins, the Council clerk, lived.

The dodger! Elsie was shrill in temper. "I'll show them. Mr Jenkins! Mr Jenkins! I want you!"

Despite her calling and knocking, Joe Jenkins did not appear. He knew what was happening outside, but his position was difficult. He wanted to be an active champion for the Row because an election was almost due, but he also knew the power of the trade union. He did not want to say that he forced men beyond their strength, any more than he wanted complaints about ashes not being collected in the Row. Joe stayed quietly indoors.

"Huh!" Joe heard Elsie's verdict plainly. "Afraid to show himself. Let him watch out at the election." "Impotent," Elsie watched the dust lorry pass from sight. She had lost round two also, but her supporters were more numerous and vocal.

Next morning, the doors were again occupied. The dust lorry came round the bend. The loaded bath was placed near the curbstone. Elsie and her father were waiting. The two

loaders looked at the filled bath; then turned away for lighter liftings. Elsie watched silently until they had passed by a dozen yards and all the Row marvelled at her forbearance. Joe Jenkins peeped from behind his curtains.

Then Elsie called gently, and pointed at the bath. Both fillers waved their hands in refusal and farewell. The watching women moved forward in their excitement.

"You louse!" Elsie shouted. "You louse!"

She walked across to the bath, grabbed both handles and lifted it. She walked quickly after the dust lorry. Reaching its side, she gave a little jump, tipped the contents inside, and swung the bath down. She bowed slightly to the amazed dustmen, then walked with swinging hips, back to her own door. Every pair of eyes in the Row followed her actions.

The dustmen had no words, no thought of excuse. They looked at the women on the doorsteps, then furiously at one another. They were shamed.

Then the door of Joe Jenkins's house opened and Joe strode out. Joe was authoritative. What did they mean? Two strong men shirking a task that a young girl, a small girl, had done so easily. He would bring it up at the next Council meeting. Such a happening could not be allowed to pass. Joe became excited over the injustice.

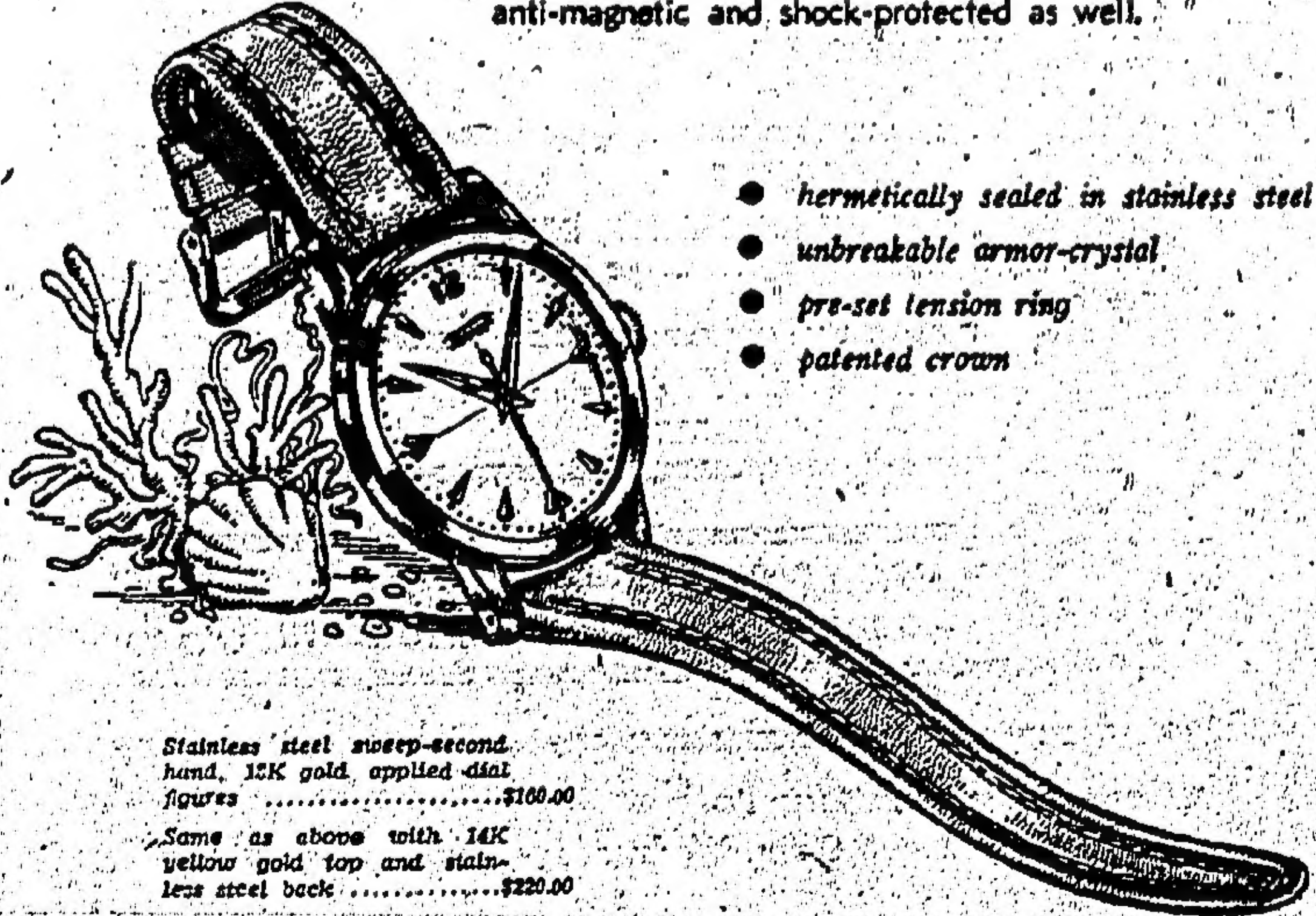
Defeated, as if a great disaster had overwhelmed them, the dustmen and lorry moved away. No more would they be respected in Walnut Row. A ripple of laughter followed them in their silent retreat.

Triumphant at her own doorway, Elsie assured the neighbours. "They'll take it tomorrow. You'll see." With the smile curling up from his pipe, Elsie's father looked proudly at his girl. He thought the time she had spent in filling the bath with paper and putting just a thin coating of ashes over the top had been well worth while.

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OMEGA **Tissot**

DID IT HAPPEN?

MYSTERY at the HELM

I HAD sailed 18 miles across lagoon, I remember, to talk to Mrs. Grant about nothing but the renewal of her trade store licence up there at Tarawa North End.

The grim old widow was strictly agin the government and had never before honoured me, as District Officer, with anything like a confidence; so I just can't guess what led her to treat me all of a sudden to the stuff she spilled about David Kanoa and his homeliving boats.

David Kanoa was the big, gentle Hawaiian half-caste whom she and her late husband, Peter, had befriended in the wild years before the British flag came to the Gilbert Islands.

She had found him one morning at sunrise, she said, senseless and bloody on the beach of their trade store, dumped there out of a barge, bound from Ponape to Manihiki.

"The dirty cows never came back," was all she cared to add to this little bit of prehistory, "so we had him on our hands, see. But me an' me-hubby didn't lose nothing on him. He turned out to be a number-one boat builder. He built us a cutter for nothing but his keep with the lumber we give him. Over 30 years back, that was, but she's still a beaut. Look at her!"

White swan

The boat lay moored at the lagoon embayment of a tidal passage that cut the narrow land there. From the veranda of the Grant shanty she certainly made a lovely picture, poised like a still white swan on the emerald flame of the outflowing tide. It wasn't her beauty, though, but her utility that wrung me with desire at that moment. I longed to have just such a craft at my call for regular visits to other islands. The Treasury, however, as mean and know-all as usual, had recently trodden on me hard for daring to entertain so expensive a notion.

I was chewing the cud of this grievance when a swirl of the falling tide made the cutter dance and tug at her moorings.



by Sir Arthur Grimble

FOR 20 years he lived in the Gilbert Islands midway between Hawaii and Australia. His four children were born there. He got to know and love the islanders, and his tales about them have made him famous. Here is another story based on his early days as district officer. And what you are asked to decide is—did it REALLY happen?

"Look at her!" said the old woman again, "she's trying to get home, she is!"

The strangeness of her phrase snapped me out of my sulks. "Home?" I echoed blankly.

"Well, she was born in along there, as ye might say," she explained, and that set her tongue really clacking.

The fact was, she said, David Kanoa had had his boatyard by the tidal passage. Not on the lagoon beach, though. No, he had located it carefully a full-long inshore, midway between lagoon and ocean, where the ebb and flow of waters drove through the thickest of the palm grove.

It was a fixed idea of his that a boat mustn't on any account be born in sight of the sea. If she was, he always said, she'd never be a landlander. You couldn't tell then when she might sink with you, miles from any shore. But build her at a place like he'd chosen looking at trees and land-locked water, and she'd remember it in "her bones" forever.

"Ay," said Mrs. Grant, "and she'd always come back to it, he claimed; even without a rudder she'd come back safe to where she'd been built."



There, lying senseless on the beach, was David.

Secret way

She eyed me distastefully, then barked, "You wouldn't understand, young man. You ain't no king of a sailor," and as if I hadn't interrupted, went on describing the last craft David had built on Tarawa—a 32-ton cruiser, cutter-rigged, her hull carved-built of two-inch planks from one of those ready-dressed 60-foot pine masts from California that the winds and currents now and then tossed up on the weather beaches of the Gilberts.

Mrs. Grant made a big point of that pine mast. What tickled

her most about it was the secret way it had arrived, with the clear-as-mud intention she reckoned, of preventing the ruddy government (several years in the saddle by then) from grabbing it for a flagstaff. Instead of rolling itself up on the foreshore like all the rest of its kind for everyone to see, it had deliberately shot the reef, first, one night at flood tide, then dived straight into the very tidal passage where the Grants lived, and obligingly come to rest at the bend of the stream by David Kanoa's boatyard.

Turning it into planks at his leisure then, David had that last boat of his finished within the next year or so.

"Well, I bet that was the home-hindmost of all the craft he ever launched," I'd have there. "Just fancy! Even the timber she was going to be built of coming barging in on its own like that, all the way from California!"

Masterpiece

To tell the truth, I was bored stiff with that "ruddy government" line of hers. I'd have liked to get some change out of her; but all she replied was, "That's just what I thought myself," and then after a long pause, "I kinda know she'll come back one of these days."

"Well, that'll be wonderful!" I said heavily. She's the very thing I want, so long as she doesn't cost the Treasury a blanky bean." But she knew as well as I did what happened. When I had been talking, David had sailed away in his boat to Jaluit, in the Marshall Islands, round about 1902. Dysentery had killed him there in 1903, poor soul, and his masterpiece had been sold at auction to a local German trader.

So there she had been in 1914, four hundred miles from home, when the Japanese navy came along and occupied the Marshall group. Everyone knew what had happened then. The Japanese had taken the whole bunch of island traders' boats out to sea, blown the bows out of them with time-changes of gun cotton, and left them to founder. There wasn't the ghost of a reason why David's creation should have escaped the fate of the rest, I reminded the old woman. But she only insisted stubbornly, "She'll come back. I kinda know it!"

The miracle

WHAT I can't add now is that the passage of time showed up her so-called knowing for the wildness it was. It did nothing of the sort. David Kanoa's boat did, in fact, find her way home. Yes, entirely on her own, as far as a merely human eye could judge. There is Tarawa lagoon, in the office of the native government station, I myself saw her floating, aureoled in the dawn light, one morning not three weeks after Mrs. Grant had spoken.

A score of the older villagers came forward to back her identity.

Her mast, though shaky, still stood. She had survived nearly 12 months of drifting, through heaven knew what inner solitudes of the central Pacific, to emerge out of that huge emptiness not simply within sight of Tarawa, but inside its lagoon. The odds must have topped hundreds of millions to one against her chance of ever returning, unassisted by human hand, from a point 400 miles away to even the approximate neighbourhood of that single speck that was her birthplace.

Roaring reef

It staggers the imagination to guess at what they must have added up to against her chance of pulling off the "double," which is to say, first the miracle of her coming, and then the crowning marvel of her safe entry into harbour.

In the whole 20-mile length of the roaring barrier reef that shut her out from Tarawa lagoon, there were only two channels through which a human steersman could have brought her, half waterlogged as she was, unscathed. She either chanced precisely on one of these and swam serenely in on the bosom of the rising tide, or else came swooping home, charging combers over ten thousand jagged coral points and ridges, any one of which, a few minutes sooner or later than the exact top of high water, would have ripped her to splinters in the crushing surf.

I naturally grabbed her for the ruddy government. Perhaps that was why Mrs. Grant pressed to be totally unimpressed by what had happened. When I tried to bring the wonder of it home to her, she only said I wouldn't have seen no reason at all to be surprised if I'd been a true sailorman, like her hubby used to be.

A hunch?

One thing that did impress her was the rightness of her hunch. She rubbed that in whenever we met. Hunch indeed! If you ask me, she had simply gone all tame about poor David's boat and suffered a bad attack of what women love to call their intuition. You know what I mean: that gabbie of warrantless convictions and idiot conjectures that, once for every million misses, hits the incredible truth bang on the nose. But I admit I never dared to put it like that to her face.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday, when the answer will be given—along with another story in the series by

NAOMI JACOB

Yesterday's story, "The Lemon Pyjamas," was FICTION.

DON IDDON TELLS THE STORY OF DR SALK

His Family Were His Guinea Pigs

New York. Doctor Jonas Edward Salk, the man who has routed and perhaps conquered infantile paralysis, is 40 years old, a native New Yorker, and a mixture of shyness and exceptional self-confidence.

When he was asked after his triumph in finding a "safe, effective, and potent" vaccine against paralytic polio why he has devoted his life to research, he replied: "Why did Mozart compose music?"

Dr Salk is not relishing the publicity that beats about his head since the spectacular announcement at Ann Arbor, Michigan, that he had succeeded where other doctors and scientists had failed. Salk says: "I want to get back to my laboratory and stop all this fuss."

He is an intense, deliberate, well-balanced man, despite his shyness. He is not particularly surprised by his success.

At a press conference a reporter asked: "Was there ever a time when you were discouraged to the point of giving up your research?" Dr Salk answered with one word: "Why?" And when he was asked was he surprised that he had at last discovered an anti-polio vaccine that could safely be given to human beings, he replied: "It didn't come as a surprise. It was something that could be expected because it was well-founded theoretically."

This was the cool, scientific mind speaking. Yet Dr Salk himself is not a cold, austere man. He likes tennis and golf, and occasionally the gregarious atmosphere of the clubhouse, although in the past few years he has had little time for anything except his laboratory bench and a few hours with his wife, Mary, and their three sons, Peter, 11, Darrell, 8, and Jonas, 5.

Often he works 18 hours a day in his laboratory. Dr Salk has been known to go through a straight 24 hours working without any pause except to munch a sandwich and drink a cup of coffee.

The doctor possesses utter and absolute concentration. His friends say: "Jonas is the clearest, most deliberate thinker you could possibly imagine. He won't press his work one second faster than it is absolutely safe to do, but he will press harder and more determinedly than anyone you have ever known."

The man who joins the ranks of Pasteur, Jenner, and



found the results of his experiments encouraging, he broadcast speech entitled, "The Scientist Speaks for Himself."

Other scientists, perhaps jealous, perhaps frustrated, "jumped" on him. Why didn't Salk confine his reports to professional journals?

One eminent professor said: "We want Salk to show us, not tell us."

Now Salk has shown them, and shown the world. The young doctor owes a lot to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and the millions of dimes that the people poured into the Foundation at the urging of the late

"When you inoculate your wife and children with a polio vaccine you don't sleep well for 2 or 3 months"

Alexander Fleming devoted three years to perfecting the vaccine before his mass testing on tens of thousands of school children began a year ago. His initial research against polio began in 1949.

He started to seek a weapon against infantile paralysis because "it was a job that could be done in a field in which I was interested." He is not enjoying the drama that has surrounded the announcement of his success, and his demeanour is elaborately casual.

He said the other day: "I became interested in polio because everyone else was fooling around with the polio thing, so I thought I would play around with it too and gain some experience."

Actually the "playing around" meant a minimum of 16 hours a day, six days a week, doing research, laboratory work and meticulous calculations. He was assisted by four devoted assistants, all under 40. He says: "The job could not have been done without them."

The crucial time for Salk and his fight against infantile paralysis came in 1953, when he was ready to test vaccine on persons who had never had polio. Who should he choose? He chose himself his wife, and their three sons.

He says: "When you inoculate your wife and children with a polio vaccine you don't sleep well for two or three months. But I had the courage of my convictions. I couldn't have done it unless I had been more critical of myself than others were of me. It was courage based on confidence and not based on experience."

Dr Salk has had many critics in his youthful, spectacular career. Three years ago, when he was approaching success and

President Roosevelt, himself a victim of infantile paralysis, Salk strode vigorously in the "March of Dimes."

Dr Thomas Francis, who announced the formal verdict of the mass inoculations, and who is Director of the Vaccine Evaluation Centre in Michigan, had faith in Dr Salk when others were complaining of the time and money being expended.

Salk's wife, Donna, had faith too. He is not the easiest man in the world to live with, and sometimes when Mrs. Salk says to her husband: "Jonas, you're not listening to me!" the doctor replies: "My dear, I am giving you my unceasing attention."

The monkey has played a big part in the Salk experiments. Hundreds of monkeys have been used by the research laboratories.

From the long experiment's Dr Salk finally developed a vaccine to protect against the crippling effects of all three types of virus which produce paralytic polio. Brunhilde, Lansing, and Leon are the somewhat strange names given to the three strains of polio.

Brunhilde was named for monkey, in which one strain was isolated. Lansing for the city in Michigan where a polio victim developed another type of the disease, and Leon for a young boy who suffered from the third crippling virus.

Dr Salk considers the names appropriate for them. He does not consider anything particularly strange except the fact that in his youth he had decided to become a lawyer. When he was a student at New York City College he spent one week going through the law books and then suddenly signed up for a science course.

He has been a scientist ever since. His teachers say: "Salk read everything he could lay his hands on. He tried to be a perfectionist in school work."

During his holidays he worked as a laboratory technician and later won scholarships in chemistry and experimental surgery and studied medicine. He received his M.B. in 1939.

Then after a spell in hospitals he won a scholarship to attend the University of Michigan for research into the influenza virus. Dr Salk is still intensely interested in influenza and the common cold.

Dr Salk's own target is mental disease. He would like to tackle that next.

He does not come from a family of doctors. His father, Daniel, makes women's scarves, collars, and blouses in New York's garment centre. Mr. Salk, now 65, and his wife, Donna, also 65, say: "Jonas was able to get the education that we never got. We are not surprised at our son's success. We saw this coming."

"We knew when he inoculated the vaccine into his own family that there was the proof. Our son would never do anything he was not sure of."

Dr Salk will receive no fees or royalties from the sales of the serum. He doesn't want money, he doesn't want glory. He wants to serve.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation
calls for a
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By Frank Robbins

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



This long-sleeved sweater forms a useful part of Gretl's outfit. It goes with the skirt pictured here as well as her basic dress.

The Traveller's Choice

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

WHAT clothes do you need for a motoring holiday in England's uncertain weather?

That was the question that came from a friend in New Zealand—and it is one that confronts many overseas visitors at this time of year.

"I'm going to the Cotswolds, taking in Stratford (so I'll see something for the theatre), then up to the West coast of Scotland and on to Edinburgh," she wrote. "I'll be living in a suitcase for a month, so I want a versatile wardrobe on a small scale—and one that suits your climate. What do you suggest?"

BE PREPARED

Now we know, as you know, that our weather is not one of our tourist attractions. Our travel posters do not proclaim "Come to sunny Britain," but "Come to historic Britain"—the land of castles, cathedrals and historic homes where Shakespeare wrote a play on Queen Elizabeth stayed the night.

Historic it may be, but the weather still presents its problems to visitors. How cold will it be? Will I need a topcoat? And so on.

You may swelter in your homespun, because you were told tweeds were just the thing for Britain—and arrive in a heatwave. On the other hand, you may shiver in your cottons because you heard that a good summer always followed a bad winter—and it did not.

The trick is to be prepared for all kinds of weather—we once had snow in June—and have enough clothes to be comfortable, however hot or cold it may be.

How do you do this—and yet pack them all into a small suitcase that won't fill more than its fair share of the luggage boot?

ELIMINATE

Careful planning is the only way. Bring clothes that adapt to town or country. Make every outfit do the work of two or three. Eliminate and eliminate until only the essentials are left. If you find you need something extra you can always buy it en route.

Make yours an all-weather wardrobe. Choose something that will be comfortable for motoring and sightseeing in all weathers, a cotton dress for warm days, something for evenings. And, of course, a mackintosh.

First, for the all-weather outfit. For an outfit which can, your handbag.

This is the first of a series of five articles on how white-collar girls in different lands budget on £12 for a smart outfit. An article on the wardrobe of an average Chinese working girl in Hongkong is included in the series published abroad.

Viennese Career Girls Are Smart In Many Ways

By L. P. DAVIS

VIENNA is considered one of the cheapest countries on the Continent. But if the cost of living is cheap, incomes are also low. An Austrian business girl earns, on the average, about £14 per month and she has to watch every penny if she does not want to find herself in arrears with the rent or even starving.

THOUGHT, NOT MONEY

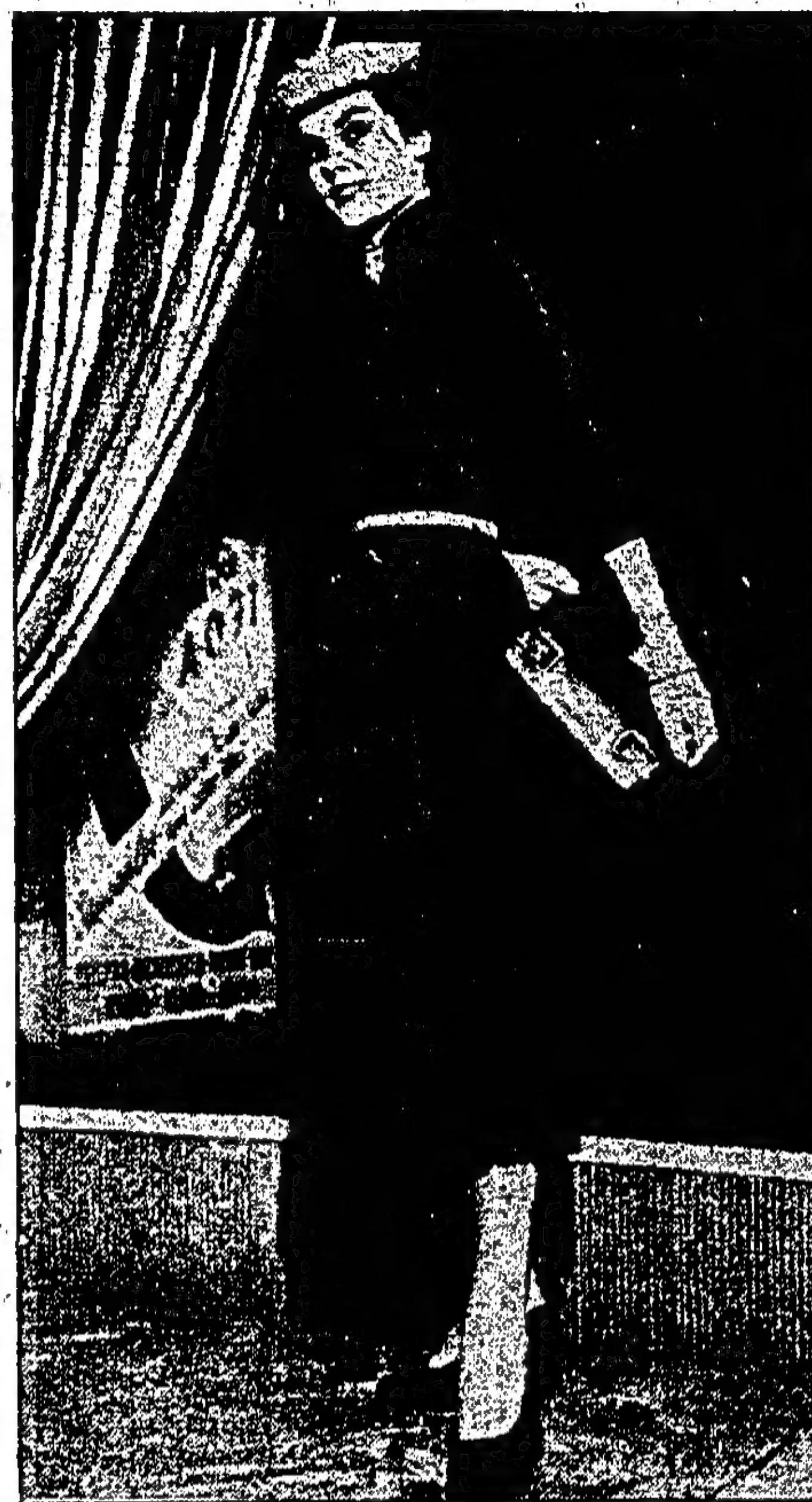
Rent and food are, of course, the two biggest items in her budget, but clothing runs them a close third. Viennese girls are famous for their smartness and have a reputation to keep up. In Vienna a badly dressed girl is a rarity—and nobody likes to be considered a freak.

If the Vienna business girl has little money to spend on her appearance, she certainly spends a lot of thought on it. Interchangeability of clothing and accessories is her watchword, and she will plan her purchases accordingly. She will also restrict her purchases to clothes that can be worn on various occasions and that will look equally well in an office or at a coffee-house visit.

MEDIOCRITY SPURNED

Luckily for her, Vienna is full of small shops that specialise in catering for her class of custom. She cannot afford a dressmaker, and she looks upon the large, mass-consumption stores with disdain. She demands a touch of individuality at reasonable prices, and Vienna's shopkeepers have learnt to respect her wishes.

Recently I accompanied Gretl, a typical Viennese white-collar girl, on a shopping expedition. She had laboriously saved up the equivalent of £12 and wanted a new all-purpose outfit.



Gretl's all-purpose wool-and-cotton frock in dark grey with a patent-leather belt according the waistline.

The foundation is a one-piece wool-and-cotton frock in dark grey with a pleated skirt, three-quarter sleeves and a smart little collar. A narrow patent-leather belt emphasises the waistline and gives the frock its shape. Then comes a light-grey polar-necked pullover with long kimono sleeves. It can either be worn over the frock or with a second wide skirt of patterned moiré. A brooch for the frock and a long thin necklace with a large pendant for the pullover completed the dress part of the outfit. So far Gretl had spent £7 7s. 6d.

LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

This, at the end of the expedition, was her bill:

Frock	£ 3 10 0
Pullover	1 4 6
Skirt	1 12 8
Patent-leather belt	10 6
Brooch and bracelet	10 0
Hat	10 0
Shoes	1 9 6
Gloves	9 0
Nylon Stockings	7 8
Nylon Handbag	1 0 6
Second patent-leather belt	10 6
	£12 0 0

When Gretl had changed into her new outfit she looked like a million dollars—all for £12. She is all set for the spring—no more clothes worries for her until the autumn comes along. A summer frock or two she will make herself, and so she has six more months to save up another £12 for her autumn outfit.

Gretl, you see, is smart in more ways than one!

NEXT SATURDAY:
A Young French Girl's
£12 Outfit

Egyptian Influence On Swimsuits

New York. THE two-piece bathing suit is back in sketched form than during its earlier spell of popularity. Not that the nation's beaches will bloom out exclusively in bikini suits this summer. But the trend to the bare midriff is here. One suit already showing at southern resorts is the "Cleopatra," a two-piece sarong style designed by Miko Anderson for Cleopatra.

This, one, inspired by the Egyptian influence in fashion in general, was described by one wit as the closest thing yet to what the Egyptian working girl of the Fourth Dynasty wore—when she was bathing—United Press.

Among the many interesting courses on their curriculum.

The Midinettes Like Psychology Best

Montreal.

A WOMAN who began work in the garment industry at the age of 10 sees to it that today's midinettes have a better start in life than she had.

Pump, energetic Yvette Charpentier has directed the education programme of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union here for the past five years. The union offers its 10,000 members a choice of 13 evening courses from September to May.

Eighty per cent of the union members are women. One of the courses they like best is the psychology course, where the professor helps straighten out problems of romance or family life.

KNOWLEDGE OF PICASSO

The courses all have a practical aim: To give the girls wider horizons than those of the workshop. They can learn dramatics and public speaking, ballroom dancing and appreciation of ballet, leatherwork and pokerwork, embroidery, cooking, English and French.

A 'labour-relations' course given by a lawyer, stresses that a strike is not the only answer to a labour dispute, and that the employer may sometimes be right.

"When I was in the workshops and the employer asked me to do something, I always said, 'always hated' Miss Charpentier said in an interview.

The bustling ILGWU education director sees to it that art appreciation is included in the drawing and painting class—so that when people talk about Picasso, the girls don't feel embarrassed.

Miss Charpentier's ambition is that her girls should be able to pass muster anywhere.

MODERN CINDERELLA

Her favourite Cinderella story is of a girl called Marielle who came looking for work, chewing gum, and wearing blue jeans and too much make-up. She persuaded the girl to enroll for the charm and personality class, which under previous directors had had the unglamorous name of "gymnastics."

Pretty, brunette Marielle went on to be chosen queen at the annual midinettes' ball, held on November 25, the feast of St Catherine, patron saint of midinettes. Each workshop nominates a candidate, and the winner, chosen by a panel of prominent women, is crowned with a huge thimble. Her sceptre is a needle.

Marielle, now married, starred in a short National Film Board movie, just released with the title "Pins and Needles."

In April of each year, the singing, dancing and dramatic classes and the charm and personality group put on a show, and the handwork classes give an exhibition. This year's show will be the first to be held in the new ultra-modern union building, put up with members' contributions—United Press.



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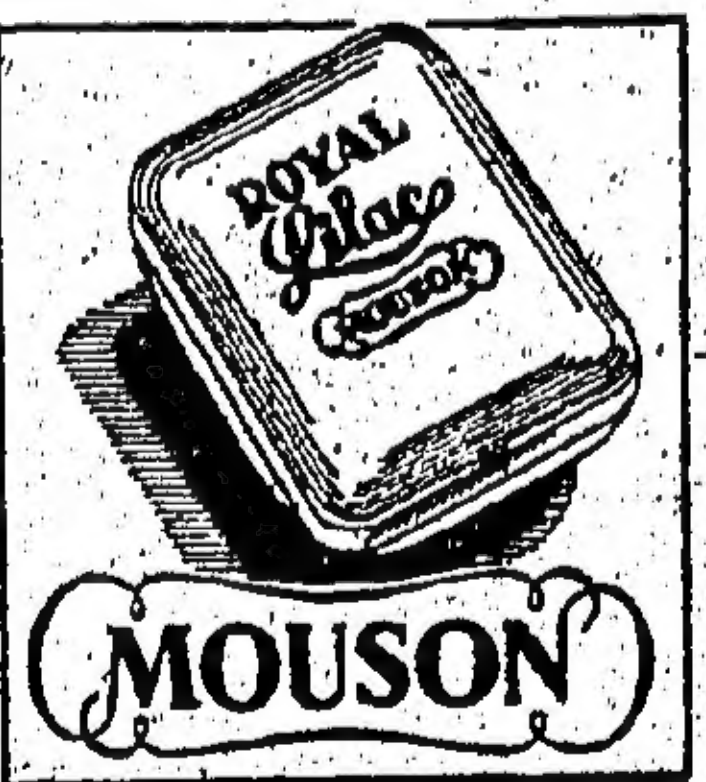
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Lovely Dual-purpose Dress



Famous Paris couturier Carven presents this dual-purpose lace dress. A lovely wedding gown in ballroom-length, it is also designed for cocktails after use. The veil is of lace and tulle. —Agence France Press.



MIDNIGHT . . . and the gaiety is heightened by the fancy designs and colours of released balloons. An exciting moment at the Hongkong Regiment's annual 'Buttmakers' Ball, held at the Kowloon Cricket Club last Saturday. Right: Colonel the Hon. C. Blaker, MC, ED, Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, receiving a prize from Mrs E. C. Fincher. (Staff Photographer)



ST George's Day, 1955. Before the laying of the wreath of remembrance at the Cenotaph last Saturday. Standing beside the wreath are the President and Vice-President of St George's Society, Messrs G. E. Marden and L. B. Stone. (Staff Photographer)



ENGLAND scored a double victory last week-end when both the men's and women's teams defeated Portugal's representatives to win the International Hockey series. England's victorious teams are above. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Susanne Hewson, of King George V School, who was one of the prizewinners in the essay contest sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, receiving her prize from Mr W. C. Wong at the last Joyce lunch. (Staff Photographer)



LAST Saturday's pretty wedding at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. Mr and Mrs Francis Crabb with friends after the ceremony. The bride was formerly Miss Pamela Mary Meyer. (Staff Photographer)



PARTY given by the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow to welcome Dr Young P. Lee and General Choi Duk Shin, representatives of Korean President Syngman Rhee. Left to right: Mr Y. K. Chow, Mr Chang J. Park, Korean Consul-General, the Hon. T. N. Chau, General Choi, Sir Shouson Chow, Dr Lee, General Lui Che Mo and Mr K. H. Liang. (Standard Photoservice)

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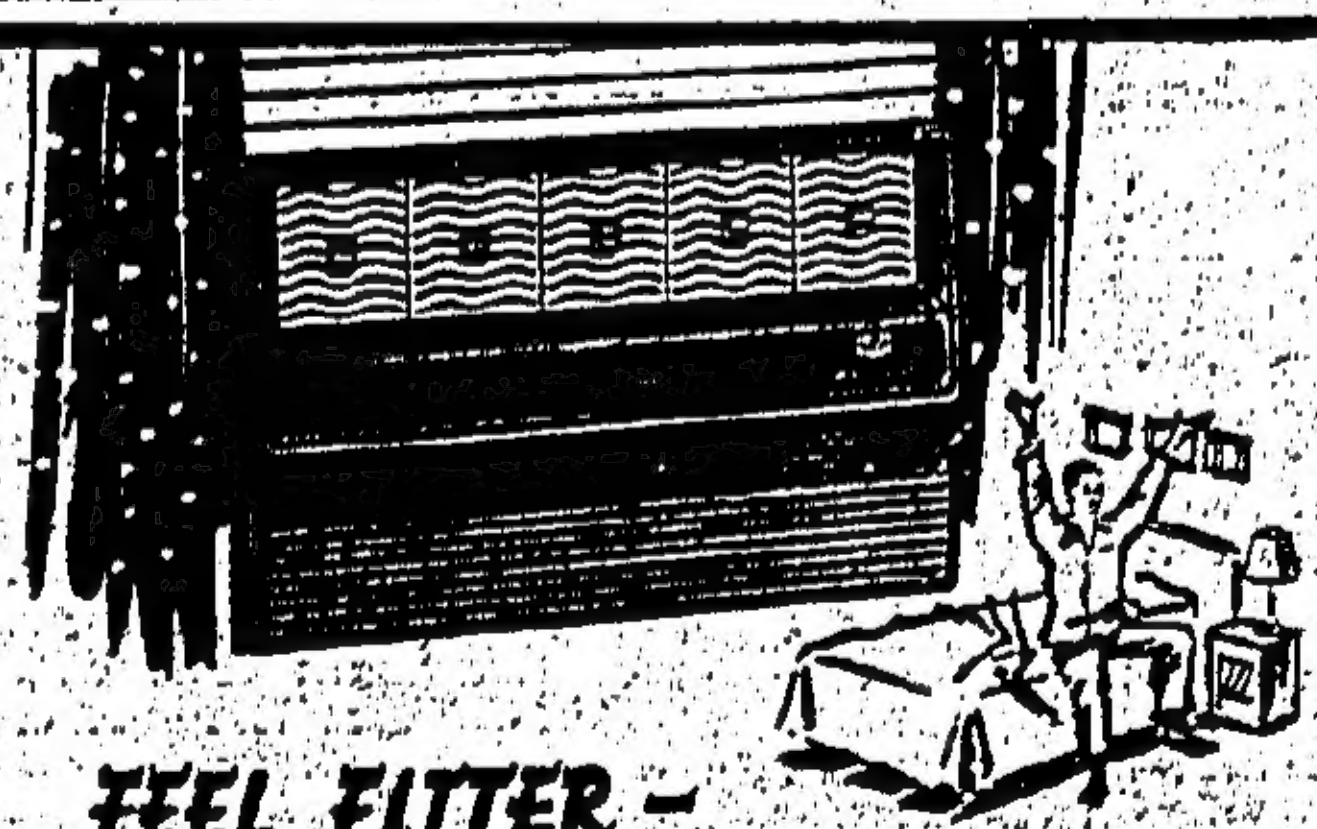
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POSTLE (Army), who won the heavyweight title in the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association's first postwar contest, donning the champion's belt in the ring after his victory. (Staff Photographer)



MR Robert James Porter and his bride, the former Miss Kay Lamer, after their wedding at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)



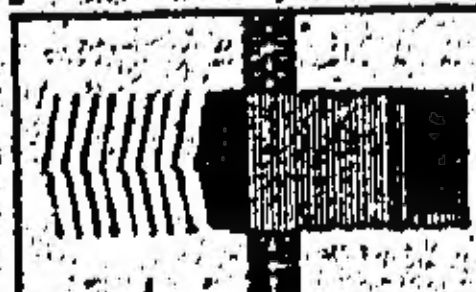
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PLAYERS who took part in a friendly cricket match last Sunday between the Commander British Forces' XI and the Commissioner of Police's XI. The latter won by three wickets. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Fred Elias, owner of Firefly, is holding the Chater Cup presented to him when his pony won the Hongkong Champions at the last race meeting of the season at Happy Valley last Saturday. The jockey was Mr. Marcel Samara, who shared top riding honours of the season with Mr. Peter Plumbly. They are seen on the right. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, Chief Scout of Hongkong, inspecting leaders of Colony troops at the annual Boy Scouts' St George's Day rally at the Hongkong Football Club stadium. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Gertrude A. Kench, winner of the Festival of Arts Literary Competition, seen with the China Mail Challenge Cup and medal presented to her last Saturday. Miss Kench's entry was a one-act play in English. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr. Ernest Richard Rosset and Miss Sheila Bernal-Silva, who were married at St. Teresa's Church on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. A. C. Slater, Assistant Australian Government Trade Commissioner, laying a wreath at the Cenotaph on Anzac Day. (Staff Photographer)

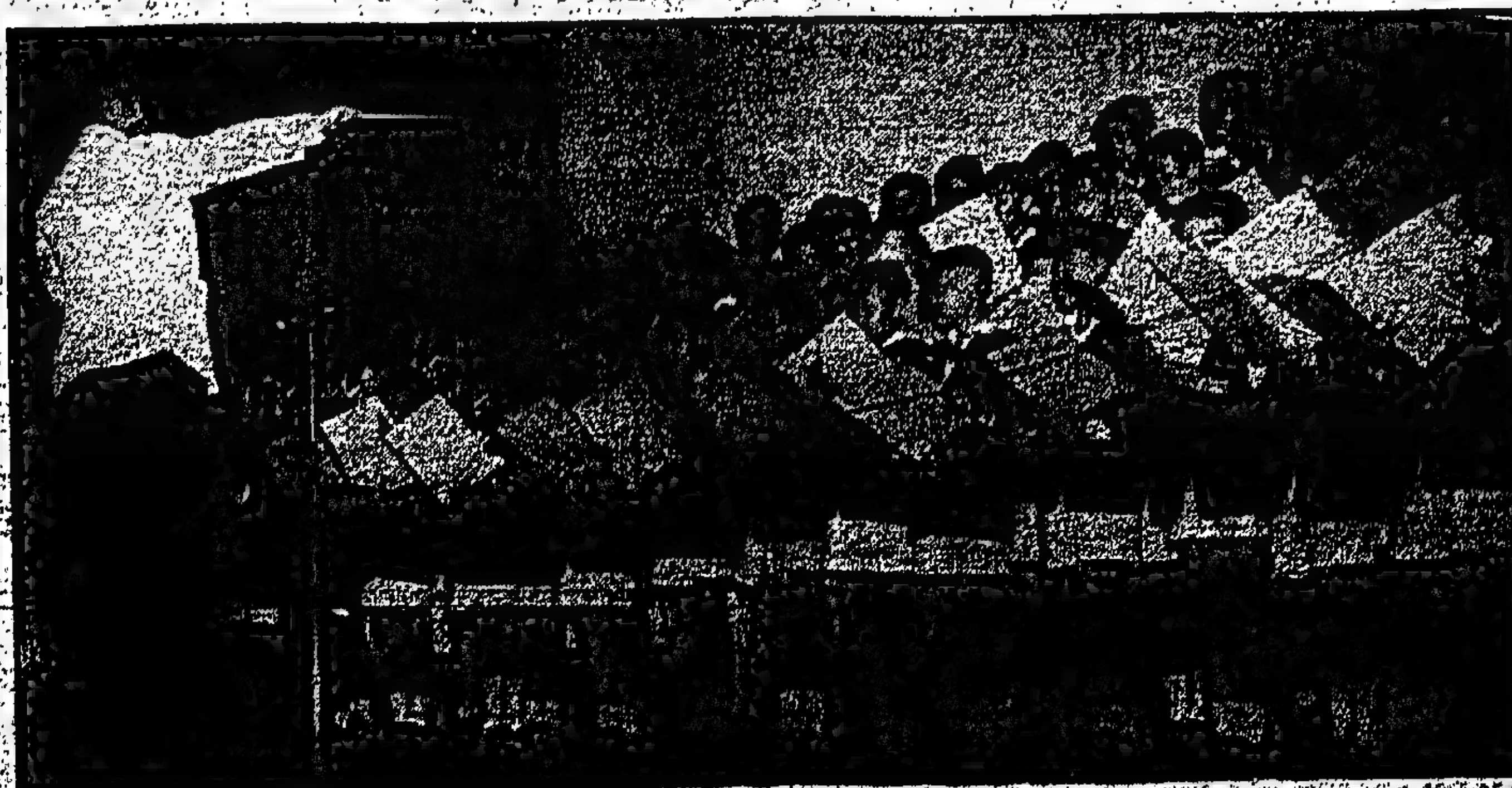


FRIENDS of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Buchan at the christening of their son, David Muir, at St. John's Cathedral. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: The Rev. Fr. R. Zeller won the prize for the best 16mm film in the second annual competition of the Hongkong Amateur Cine Club. His film dealt with a Dyak tribe of Borneo and Bali. He is seen receiving his prize from Mr. J. L. Murray at a Club dinner last week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Boys of Wah Yan College, Kowloon, rendering a choral work at the opening of their new auditorium. The conductor is Mr. Alexander Wong. (Staff Photographer)



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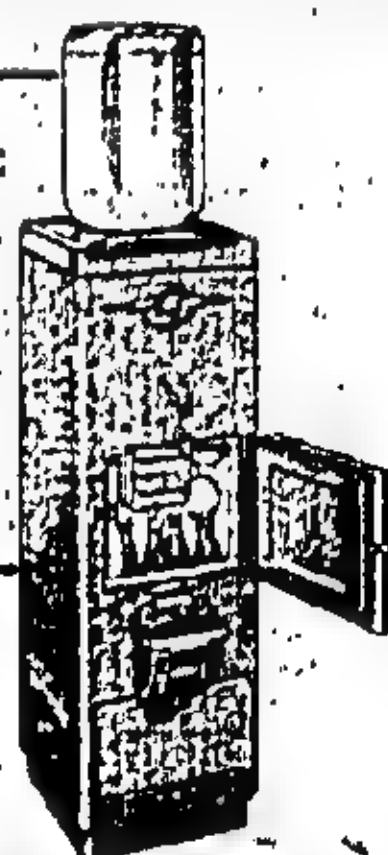
For Summer Wear

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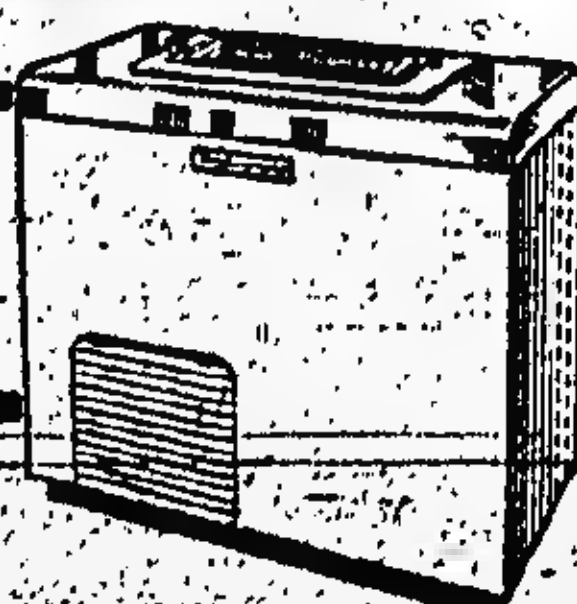
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MARIUS DUTREY... the master's touch.

A CHEF'S TIPS

If you like sauté potatoes but find sometimes that they are a little ragged, steam or boil them for not more than 15 minutes. Cut them into the usual slices, then fry them in butter, olive oil or food dripping and they will be as perfect as the chef's.

If you have not a refrigerator with a drawer for washed and dried parsley, it is often better not to wash it but to cut off the ends of the stalks and keep it in a glass of water. Before using it, wash and chop it. If, however, it then tends to cling in lumps place the

parsley in a linen cloth and squeeze out the moisture.

Have you ever wondered why fritter batter comes off whatever it is cooking when you drop it into hot fat? It is because the batter has not been allowed to rest. The logical explanation is this: When you beat fritter batter, you introduce a lot of elasticity into it. If you use it at once, it is so alive or elastic that it pulls off whatever it cooks because it simply cannot help itself. If, however, you leave it to relax and lose its elasticity, the batter will "stay put." It is as simple as that. Next time, then, you make apple, banana, pineapple or any other fritters, let the batter relax before using it.

HELEN BURKE goes to London's newest hotel and finds the kitchens in the charge of a man from the past with a thought for the future.

COME with me to London's newest — and American — hotel, the Westbury, in Bond Street, and meet an old friend, M. Marius Dutrey, who has come out of retirement to preside over the kitchens.

M. Dutrey comes from the south-west of France, renowned for its rich and good table. He is of the school of the great chefs. Since 1912, when he was awarded the Premier Grand Prix and the Prix d'Honneur at the International Exhibition in Paris, he has been recognised as an outstanding authority on cuisine.

He returns now because he wants to help young chefs who will take on the great work of the high-class kitchen. He wants to leave them his knowledge because, as he says, they have for so long been without ingredients for the best cooking and, therefore, without the practice of using them.

★ ★ ★

He advises all cooks to taste what they are cooking; unless they do, how can they know if the food is nearing perfection? He himself is never satisfied. When I was in the Westbury kitchens one of the dishes for the day was Blanquette de Veau à l'Anglaise. Here is a dish that you and I can prepare without adaptation.

Cut 2 lb lean stewing veal into 3oz. pieces and blanch them — that is, pour cold water over, bring to the boil, turn into a colander and wash under the cold water tap. Return to the cleaned pan, just cover with water, add a little salt, bring to the boil and skim.

Now add a carrot, a good-sized onion stuck with a clove, a small wineglass of dry white wine and a bouquet garni composed of a leek split almost through and sandwiched with parsley stalks, a sprig of thyme and a small bay leaf. Cover and cook gently for one and a half hours. Remove the bouquet garni.

Cook gently 12 small onions in some of the strained stock from the veal and cook as many mushrooms in a little butter and lemon juice (to keep them white). Combine the cooked onions and mushrooms with the veal. Thicken the strained stock with beurre manié, which is made by working together 3oz. butter and 3oz. sifted flour.

★ ★ ★

Bring the stock to the boil, remove from the heat and beat in enough beurre manié to make a nice thick, but not too thick, sauce. Strain the sauce over the mushrooms, onions and veal and, just before serving, add a little of the yolk of an egg beaten into two to three tablespoons of thick cream. This is one of the most delicious veal dishes you will ever serve.

Fish and shellfish chowders are famous American stews. Here is a Cod Chowder, you may like to try:

Dice ½ lb salt pork and gently fry it until crisp. Place 1 lb cod in a pan with water to cover and simmer for 40 minutes. Reserve the stock from it. Brown a thickly sliced onion in the pork fat. And the cod, freed of skin and bone, three diced large potatoes, half cup thinly sliced celery, add a bay leaf and a cup of the fish stock.

Simmer all these together for 3 minutes. Finally, add a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and seasoning to taste. Heat through, but do not boil.

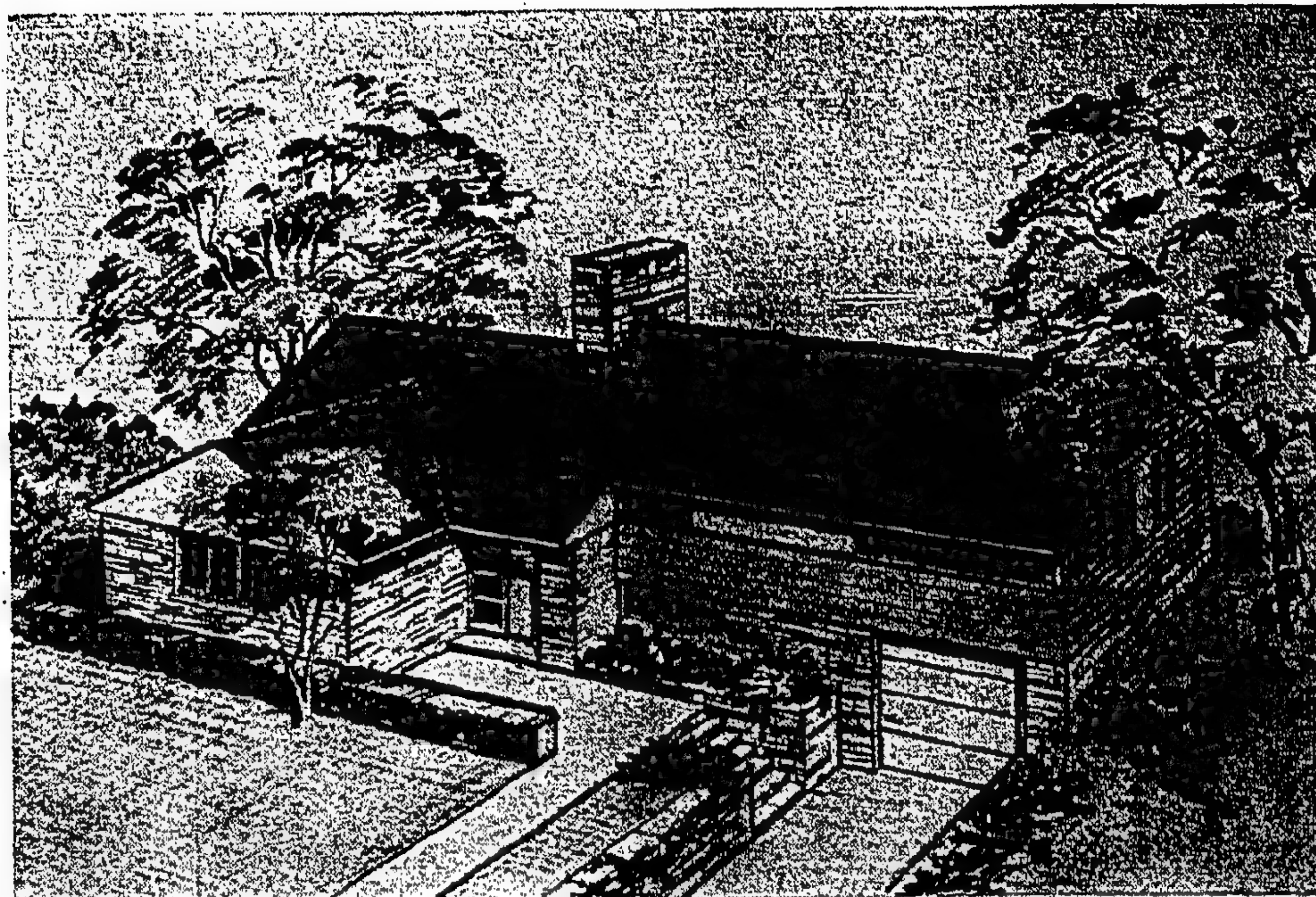
★ ★ ★

M. Dutrey has many wonderful dishes of his own creation and I would like to give you here a sweet that you can make at home.

First, make a Zabaglione this way: For four servings allow three egg yolks. Put them in a bowl and add 3oz. sugar and three small sherry glasses of Marsala. Place the bowl over a pan of hot (not boiling) water and whisk until the mixture becomes stiff and expanded. Remove and continue whisking until it is cold. Add half the amount of whipped cream. Place a block of ice-cream in a shallow glass dish. Pour the Zabaglione over the ice-cream and place quartered, peeled fresh peaches around it.

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A Modern Three-Level Home



CASUAL STYLING makes this contemporary three-level home distinctive. Ledgerrock and horizontal wood siding are suggested materials for exterior construction. Stone steps from driveway to entry and a colourful planting box add to the home's luxurious appearance.

By Joan O'Sullivan

EACH section of this interesting tri-level home is separate, yet easily accessible. Short flights of steps divide the various areas.

The lowest level is for work.

Here you'll find a roomy laundry, with plenty of space for equipment and storage. There's also a fruit closet, and next to it, a bath complete with shower and linen space. The garage, also on this level, supplies additional storage space and has a work bench for Dad's do-it-yourself projects.

Just a few steps above the laundry is the main level, with kitchen, living and dining areas.

The compact kitchen has all the walk-around space a homemaker needs. At the front of the home, triple windows give the room light and airy charm. A handy snack bar makes informal meals easy to serve, while storage and counter space is excellent.

The side service door is another convenience for the homemaker and, if she wishes to go down to the laundry area, lower level stairs are just a few steps from the kitchen.

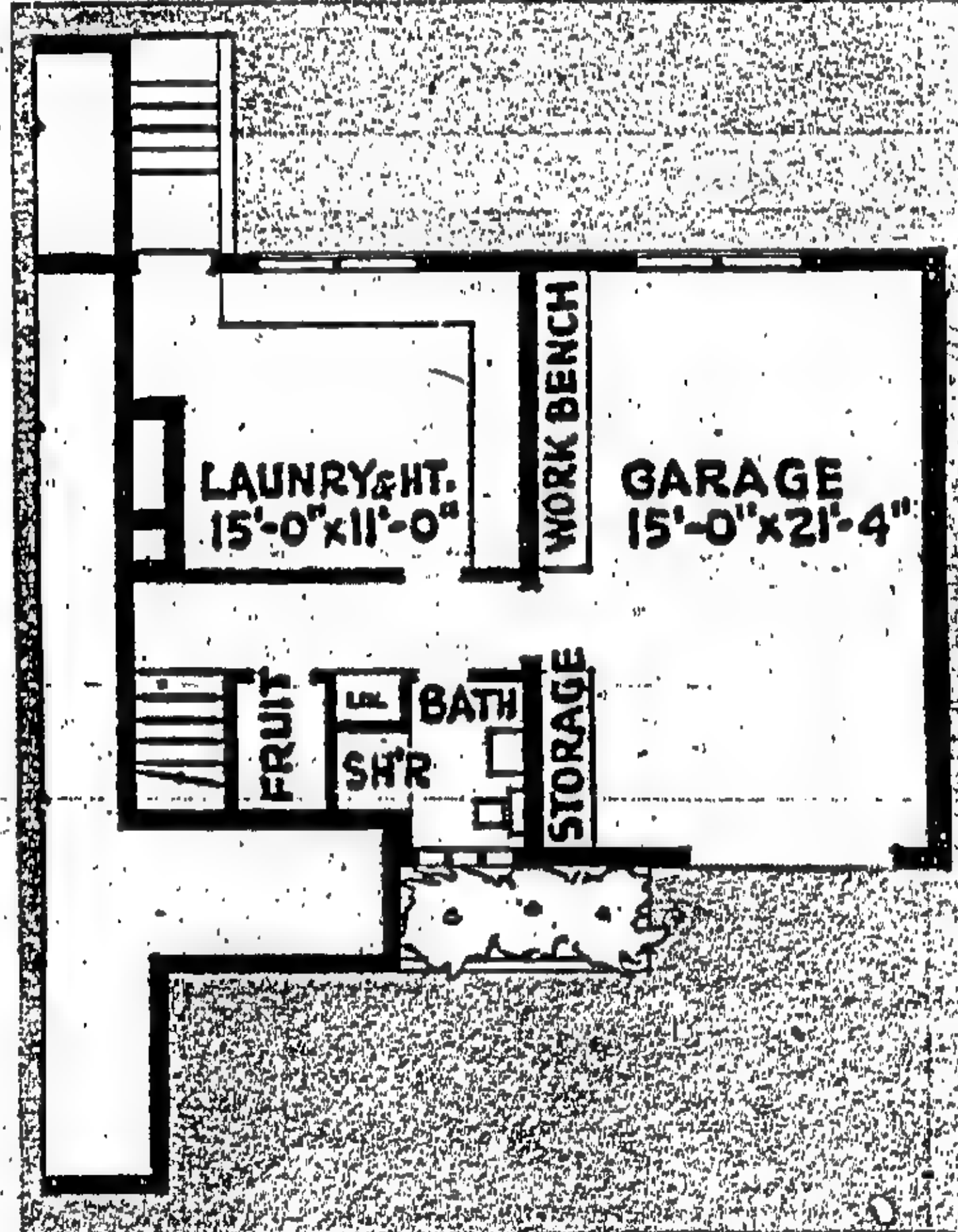
Living and dining rooms are combined. Instead of facing the front of the house, as is usual, they look out on side and rear grounds. This keeps street noise at a minimum and makes for privacy. A large natural fireplace enhances the living area, which opens on the terrace.

The dining section is logically near the kitchen, with a built-in china cabinet and book shelf separating it from the entrance hall.

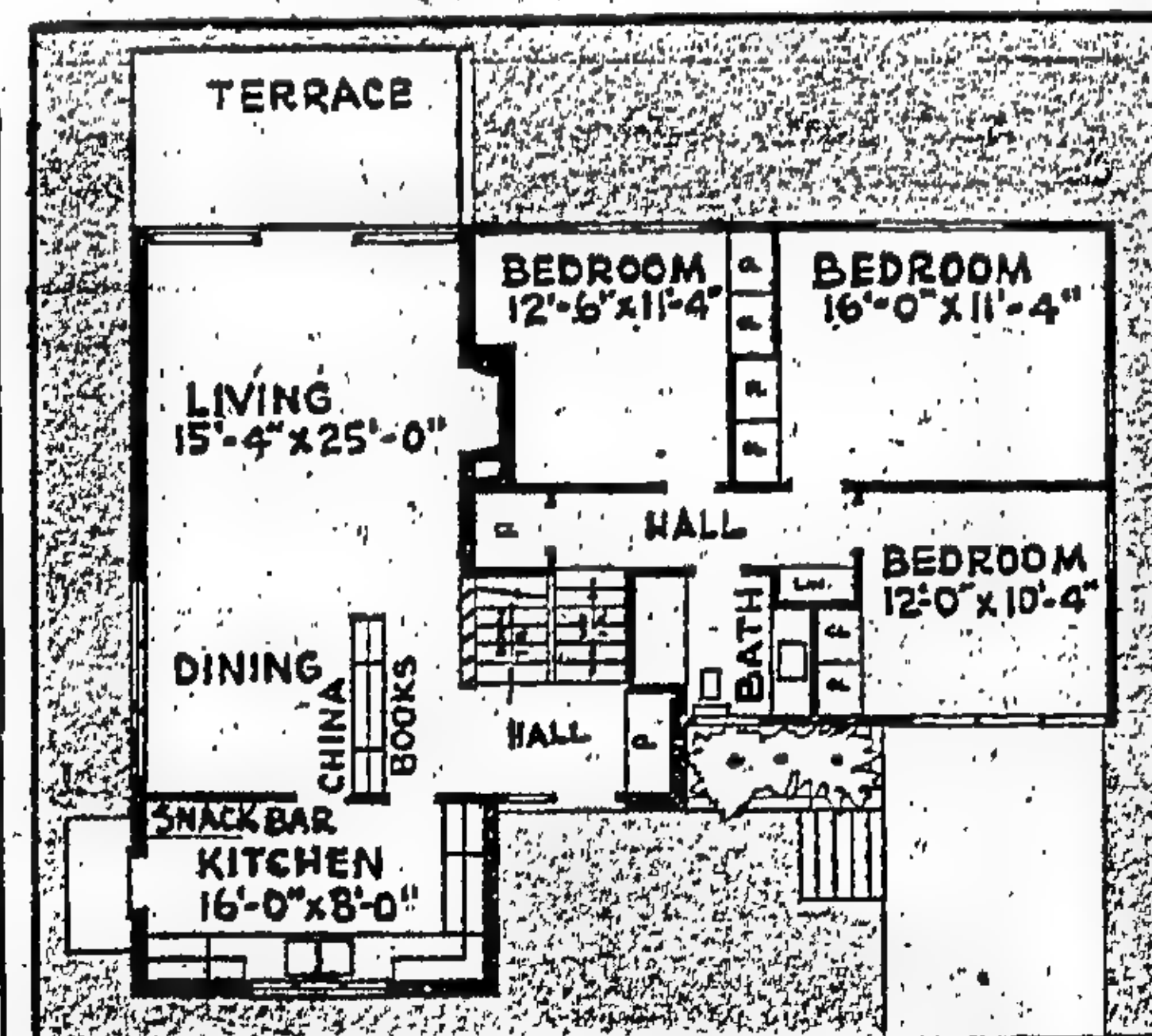
The third level contains sleeping quarters, three large bedrooms. Each has double closets and both corner rooms are cross-ventilated.

There's a linen unit in the bath and an additional linen closet in the hallway.

All told, the design comprises 20,984 cubic feet.



THE LOWER LEVEL of the plan is taken over by a garage with storage space and a work bench, and a laundry, bath and fruit closet.



LIVING ROOM, dining room and kitchen are found on the main level, while top level holds three good-sized bedrooms and a bath.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Wash children's play clothes of dangerous spills. The wise sort after they're soiled. Dry homemaker will occasionally seersuckers on a hanger. Do not survey her home with safety in mind and eliminate possible booby traps.

Drain cleaners are usually caustic soda which are harmful to skin. Wash such cleaners down with cold water only; never add water to the tin; store where children can't possibly reach it.

Small rugs on waxed floors often slide when stepped upon, and electric cords may cause a serious fall, too. Grease on your coffee will have a most kitchen floor is another danger.

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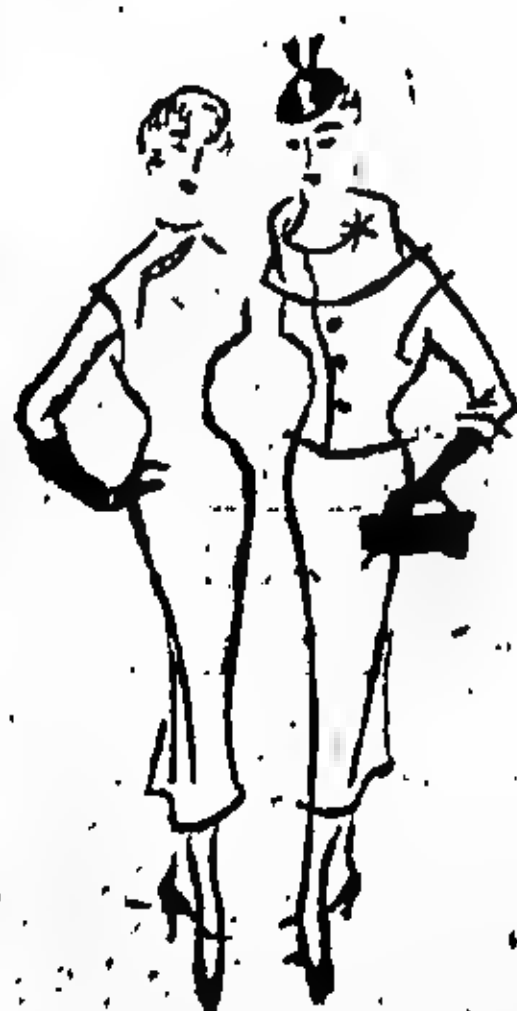
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Falling On The Outstretched Hand...

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

FALLS are among the most common causes of accidental injury and among falls, a frequent one arises from stumbling, followed by a fall forward, landing on the outstretched hand.

Out of this accident come many types of injuries, depending on how hard the fall has been. Practically every school child falls in this manner and exhibits skin injuries and bruises in the palms as a result. But deeper and more important damage can be done, too.

When the impact of a fall is on the palm of the outstretched hand, it is transmitted and dissipated through a series of bones, joints, muscles, and tendon fibres, losing force in the process. In a slight fall only the skin is injured and muscles bruised. But suppose the fall is a little harder. Then injury may be done to the bones and joints adjacent—the wrist. Here

there may be dislocations of the small irregular-shaped bones which give the wrist its flexibility. The break may occur slightly higher up, in the end of the lower arm bone, radius, which makes junction with the wrist.

LOWER FRACTURE

Fracture of the lower end of the radius, commonly called Colles' fracture, after the man who first gave doctors a description of the injury, gives a characteristic deformity known as "silver fork." The hand is bent slightly backward at the site of the fracture and this together with the five fingers representing the tines does have a remarkable resemblance to an ordinary silver table fork.

Before considering further types of injury, it is necessary to point out a fact of anatomy concerning the arm. The lower arm has two bones—the radius and ulna. The radius takes direct part in both wrist and elbow joints. The ulna, with the small bones of the wrist, forms that joint; the ulna forms the elbow, together with the large bone of the upper arm, the humerus. The radius and the ulna are joined by a sliding joint near the wrist and a system of ligaments and fibrous sheet tissues.

A fall which might not break the lower radius might be transmitted upward to its upper end and there fracture the head of the radius, or it might be carried to the ulna and dislocate the elbow or break the ulna just below the elbow.

Now the line of force transmission passes upward beyond the elbow joint and may cause breaks along the humerus just above the elbow joint, along the main shaft of the bone or just below the shoulder joint. Finally, there may be dislocation of the shoulder or a broken collar bone.

This formidable listing of possible injuries from hand to shoulder illustrates how the arrangement of bones and joints offers a resilient cushion against more severe injuries of the body or the head. The line of force is usually transmitted harmlessly to a point of rigidity; there it causes a break, a sprain or a bruise depending on the amount of force remaining undissipated through the series of joints.

NERVES AFFECTED

Wherever there are broken bones, there is the possibility of nerve injury from the jagged ends of bones.

From the standpoint of the patient, all this adds up to the caution that a fall on the outstretched hand may do widespread damage and should not be dismissed lightly if the fall has been hard. The most common injuries are those about the wrist. If a fall of this type has been severe and there is pain or swelling in the wrist or up the arm, a physician should be consulted promptly. Even if the injury does not seem serious, his advice about X-rays before and after treatment should be followed to avoid needless deformity or disability. The mere fact that the wrist can be moved, or that the fingers "work," does not prove absence of an injury, perhaps a fracture.



TYPENOTES

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WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE LION?

By DONALD WISE

I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot. But if I were, with outward cal-lum. I'd either faint upon the spot Or hit me up a leafy pal-lum.

Johannesburg, WHEN 61-year-old Johannes "Gerhardus" Strydom was chosen to succeed Doctor Daniel Malan as Premier of South Africa last November, half the whites and all the blacks in his territory looked for the nearest palm tree.

Like Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in "Sage Counsel," they thought they knew Lions—of the Transvaal.

For English-speaking South Africans and the 9,000 non-Europeans the outlook was bleak.

Even the weather-man weighed in with the right sound effects when the man with gun-metal eyes was asked by Governor-General Jansen to form a new Cabinet.

The lightning cracked. The thunder rumbled on that stormy, rain-swept afternoon in Pretoria.

Hans had the sort of record to be expected of a fire-and-brimstone fanatic. He had appeared in public with whip-swinging bodyguards. He belabored ceaselessly for a republic. He was no friend of the Commonwealth.

Wags have it that the Lower House is a lion short.

The man that stabbed the air with his forefinger, the rasping-voiced spellbinder whose speeches jerked him about a platform like a one-armed paper-hanger, has said almost nothing since South Africa's Parliament opened in January.

The schemer who once roared for four, flinty Daniel Malan has lost his voice. The Lion-house is a quiet place.

There is no doubt that the Lion was shocked at the impact that his election made upon the outside world.

The fact that he has a beautiful wife, is a non-smoking teetotaler and likes singing in musical quarters with his two teen-age children made little impression outside his own country.

RARELY SEEN

The English-speaking half of the Union and the world was worried.

Since then the curly-haired former Nazi-minded Doctor Hendrik Verwoerd has pushed through the sort of legislation that he, as an editor during the war, boasted sky-high until a judge found his minions sufficiently guilty to silence them.

Verwoerd intends kicking every "surplus" servant out of

Johannesburg's teeming flat-blocks where most Opposition voters live.

He will reduce African schooling to inferior status by his Bantu Education Act.

He and Doctor Dönges, who plans to make British passports almost useless in South Africa, did these things on the Lion's behalf.

Meanwhile the Lion plays the part of a very old, moulting lion indeed.

"Man, we very rarely see him at all now," an Opposition MP said to me.

When Parliament opened, the United Party leader Gerhartus Strauss taunted the Lion with the vote of no-confidence. He called

Strydom "Swager Hans," meaning brother-in-law Hans—a reference to the Prime Minister's appointing his brother-in-law as Minister of Labour.

Then came a flash of the old Lion of the Transvaal. "The leader of the Opposition is called a mouse," he roared, enraged.

Quite right, Strauss's meetings are punctuated by cries of "Mousie" and rodent-like squeaks from Government

men. "I say no more except that a lion does not hunt a mouse," added Hans.

Pretty simple stuff for a Premier, thought South Africans.

Then last week a Nationalist MP, in the dreadful sort of media-patch performance that South African Ministers have come to dread from their back-benchers, suggested that pictures of King George VI and Queen Mary be taken from the Press Gallery wall.

And now?

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THE LION



FORMOSA ESCALATOR

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THE HAND BEHIND INSP. MAIGRET

By LES ARMOUR

A BRIGHT spring in Connecticut. A white-painted colonial-style farmhouse, built in 1749, set between two sparkling trout streams. An inviting day.

But the shutters of the house are closed tight. Inside, the drapes are pulled tightly across the windows—just to make sure no light gets through.

Georges Simenon sits steadily punching a typewriter with two fingers—rhythmically, unhurriedly, without pause. He finishes the twenty-fourth page and looks up. If you are very lucky, he will speak to you.

"I am preparing myself for immortality," he will tell you.

Day's Work

He does not mean that he is about to die. He means that he is writing literature—24 pages a day, hardly ever any more, or any less.

This will be his three hundred and fifty-first novel. It will take him two weeks to write, rarely more, rarely less. Then he will do nothing for a long time.

He writes six novels a year. He works at them in six well-spaced fortnights. During those six fortnights, he works three hours a day—from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m.

Always, the shutters are closed and the drapes pulled.

"How can I write of snow in the sunshine?" he asks with a pained expression.

All this precision, he admits, is a whim of the successful.

It was not always this way.

Errand Boy

His father, a Belgian insurance clerk, died when Georges was fifteen. Georges was sent to work as an errand boy in a bookshop.

His mother hoped that he would become a pastrycook.

Instead, he got a job as a reporter on the Gazette de Liege.

Two years later, he wrote his first novel "Au Port des Arches" ("The Bridge of Arches"). He does not like to talk very much about it. But it sold 1,500 copies and it convinced him that he ought to become a writer.

He started writing with a vengeance—80 pages a day, sometimes more.

His output included westerns, "spicy stories," short novels, short sketches. Once a magazine published six of his stories in the same issue. All under different names.

The only name he didn't use was Georges Simenon. That, he decided, must wait until he was rich enough to have the leisure to write something worth while.



Mention Georges Simenon and someone is bound to say, "Ah, yes. The French thriller-writer." Which just goes to show how little is known of the world's most prolific "whodunnit" author. To start with he is not French. He is Belgian-born and lives mainly in the USA. Nor is he just another thriller writer; for he more than any other person has raised the detective novel to the level of literature. At a moment when he has but recently been elected President of the Mystery Writers' Association of America, it is timely to take a close look at the man behind Inspector Maigret.

He continued writing them until 1935. In between, he had learned something of the practical side of the detective business. In 1934, he helped in the police investigation of the murder of M. Prince, judge of the Slavsky affair.

The newspapers, at any rate, gave him most of the credit for the triple arrest which followed—and police did not publicly quarrel with the newspaper account.

By 1935, he was ready to move on to "real literature"—his psychological novels. The "work for immortality."

The war and the fall of France affected him so strongly that he wrote nothing for two years—devoting himself to looking after Belgian refugees who had fled to France during the first German assault on their country.

At war's end, he moved to the United States for good.

He still writes in French, speaks English with a "very French" accent which his friends privately believe he cultivates because his neighbours among the Connecticut farmers like it.

He lives the life of a country squire on his 48-acre farm, 105 miles from New York—devoting himself to riding, golf, and fishing.

Not Typed

His neighbours are occasionally a little bewildered by the man, and reporters find it impossible to "type" him.

One, has described him as a "gay, roly-poly little Belgian with putrid nose and small bright eyes," while another who visited him a short time later reported that he was "a stocky bear-like man."

There is no pinning him down. Part of the reason is that he "lives" his characters.

"When I feel an idea coming I tell the family I am standing. Then all contact with the outside world ceases. I don't answer phones. I don't see letters. I enter the skin of my character."

"If I am writing about an old man, I feel old all day!" This characteristic was part of the compulsion of the first wife.

From Life

Simenon has certainly been popular. His books have been translated into 17 languages; 40 of them have been made into films.

But there is more to it than that. None of his works has been a hack job or a pot-boiler.

The critics have been almost unanimous in praising his "insight" and the "economy of his style."

He finds his characters in life—ordinary contemporary people whose extraordinary situations he uses to bring to light the universal aspects in man.

His murderers are often gaily likable. Even the sleazy, low-life of Continental ports who are his chief delights are always exhibited as rounded human beings.

His novels are always short, and incisive— seldom more than 45,000 words.

A London critic once summed him up as "the poet of small towns, local idiosyncrasies, rainy weather, dockside cafes, ship chandlery stores, the Chamber of Commerce, train journeys, money and crime."

As long as there are foreigners in any of these, there will probably be someone around who will read Simenon.

SHOES FOR THE SANTO PADRE

By Aldo Forte

FROM the thousands of visitors to the Vatican City only a few know of the little old shoemaker's shop on the Borgo Pio not far from the grandeur of St Peter's Square. But about the shop and its owner, 30-year-old, dark, tousled-haired, Domenico Cangiulli, there is an especial fame, and perhaps not so much on earth. For Domenico Cangiulli is no ordinary cobbler, and the shoes he fashions are of a special kind.

This short and stocky ex-gallier from Taranto will tell you the story of how he started in business, if you have the time to listen. How, as an apprentice, the founder of the shoemaker's shop 40 years ago, old Giuseppe Cottafoglia, called him to a sick-bed and said:

"Domenico, my son, the inheritance I leave you is business."

But you have clever hands and a quick skill. If you conduct yourself with seriousness and wisdom and put to good use my instructions, you may do even better than I have done for a long time, to make the precious shoes for the Santo Padre.

Yes, Domenico Cangiulli, together with his beautiful wife, Rosa, makes the "precious" shoes for Pope Pius XII. They are a special kind of shoe fashioned from fine leather, of cloth or multi-coloured velvets.

With the shop, old Giuseppe left the "forms" made to the measurements of the Pope's feet, besides many other "forms" of the dignitaries, the monarchs, and the bishops of the Vatican.

"It takes nearly three days to make these kind of shoes," says Domenico. "You have to be very patient, but I'm a shoemaker of quality, and my clients are exceptionally."

Both Rosa and Domenico declare there is a wonderful feeling in the knowledge they have done fine work. But they have a special humble feeling for the knowledge that a pair of their shoes was chosen for Pope Pius XII when he was proclaimed a saint in St Peter's last year.

Old Giuseppe Cottafoglia would be truly proud, he said, if his young apprentice the shoemaker's shop on the Borgo Pio had written, I shall wait until

"I have decided," he said, "Lament all who know, I intend to transfer to Via Gonzatti and I have advised the Vatican authorities that from then on, I shall wait until"

the end only for the Vatican, for the monarchs and the Santo Padre."

For the several years that Domenico Cangiulli has made shoes for the Vatican, he has never seen the Pope. It is now his hopeful aspiration to be allowed to kiss the hand of the Pope and hear from the Pope's own lips some words of praise for the shoes he has made.

Many people in the Vatican have praised his work, Domenico said, "and have told me the Santo Padre was pleased. But it is not the same thing."

To fashion a pair of shoes for the Pope, Domenico works on the soles and the cloth or velvet cuts to fit the special shoe-forms, while Rosa meticulously embroders the golden cross on their instep and the delicate golden olive leaves around the borders.

Together they have made several pairs for the Pope. The first pair are of red velvet and the others in fine white leather. Said a neighbour who had seen them, "They were wonderful and appeared to dazzle bright and alive in the shop's dim interior."

Domenico said that he loves his work and it was very satisfying. He has made many shoes for clients not in the Vatican, but by the end of the month, he intends to close the shop on Borgo Pio and open elsewhere in Rome.

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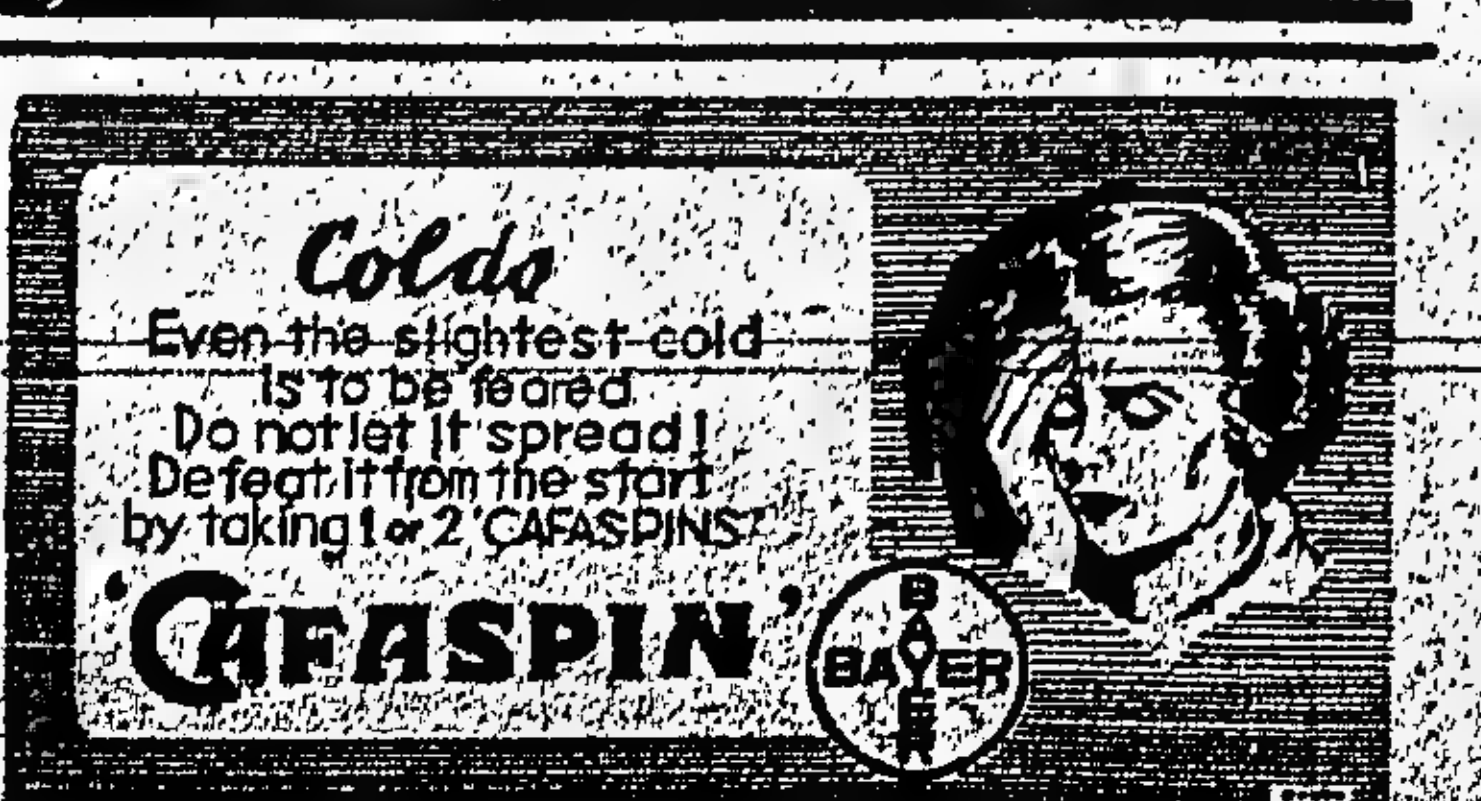
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a word
SAID ABOUT DOLLS



WELL, they said to me, what with your mumps and there being this strike, why don't you catch up on some good reading? Why not read "War and Peace," or "David Copperfield," or "The Brothers Karamazov," or "Madame Bovary?"

First, I have read all these. Second—and this is not generally known—there are more than 1,000 new books published each month. Of these I can review only about 12.

So I think it is my business to tell you about new books.

About Father

First then—a book which deserves a whole column to itself, **FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS** by Damon Runyon, jun. (Constable, 10s. 6d.), which is the story of Damon Runyon's father, a drunk who "wanted to be a success." He was also a genius who recognized marvelous characters when he met them, like Henry the Horse, Nicely Nicely Johnson, and Miss Lola Ledare.

About Women

Drink gave Runyon "delusions of grandeur" that got him into trouble, and before he decided to be a success he had been an Indian-fighter and a bellhop. He said of women that he "liked to hear them prattle along, you know, the way they do." But he also told his son he sometimes wished they'd jump in the river.

Towards the end of his career they paid Runyon a dollar a word for every word he wrote. He did rich. And not the least property of his estate is the immortal musical "Guys and Dolls."

But Runyon's son doesn't get a penny of his father's estate. He seems a little better about it. Runyon left everything to his daughter and his second wife. He left his son his name and his writing talent.

Which seems to me about the most important thing a man can leave his son.

About Dominic...

Drink away the most enjoyable new novel is **A DIFFICULT YOUNG MAN** (Crescent Press, 12s. 6d.), by Martin Boyd. Difficult Dominic is Mr. Boyd's hero, Dominic, who lay and screamed on the floor of the landau, who punched a cousin on the nose because he swam Dominic's favourite pony out to sea without permission, who leaped down into a Spanish bullfight and might have been killed, who eloped with his cousin Helena, (Helena, who might otherwise have married a millionaire).

Mr. Boyd writes warmly and romantically. I have awarded him oysters before for his sheer

entertainment value. He can claim another two dozen any time he likes.

Nevill Shute, Joyce Cary, Ian Fleming have all published new novels.

I found Nevill Shute's **REQUIREMENT FOR A WREN** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) terribly gloomy. Mr. Shute's heroine is a leading wren, Janet Prentice. One day, under the orders of her superior officer, she fires upon and brings down an enemy aircraft with seven of a crew. She suffers from guilt about this. Her mother, father, boy friend, and aunt all die. So do two dogs that she is fond of. And Leading Wren Prentice commits suicide in her late fiancé's house in Australia. Which seems to me a crowning abuse of hospitality.

About Jim...

JOYCE Cary is also gloomy in **NOT HONOUR MORE** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). In which he continues the lamentable saga (begun with "Prisoner of Grace") of Jim, the soldier, and Nina and Lord Nimmo, the Liberal peer. Nina first married Nimmo and found she couldn't do without Jim. So she married Jim and found she couldn't do without Nimmo. Jim caught her with Nimmo, so eventually Jim murdered her. I really can't see why this literary pilgrimage was necessary. Which is jolly sad, because Mr Cary is a writer of genius.

Ian Fleming's latest blood-and-thunder-with-a-rocket-and-clagger book **MOONRAKER** (Case, 10s. 6d.) is slightly less shocking than "Casino Royale" and "Live and Let Die." This one is all about wicked Sir Hugo Drax, who cheated at cards and turned out to be a German spy, plotting to overthrow dear old England by pointing a rocket at the middle of London. If Mr Fleming didn't write so well one would have to call his books cracking good yarns.

About John...

So much for fiction. There is also a tremendous crop of non-fiction of which John Galsworthy's **GOING TO THE WARS** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is worth mentioning. Mr V wasn't a good soldier. He was a film director cum black and white artist with a sense of humour. At least one person has told me that his book makes him the Siegfried Sassoon of World War II. Which is just plain silly. Sassoon was an enthusiast. He was also a poet. Mr Verney is neither. Which is not to say that "Going to the Wars" hasn't a lot of strange, glum charm.

Ooh, I nearly forgot. Of course there is a new Angela Thirkell, ENTER SIR ROBERT THIRKELL (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) which is, claims Mrs. Thirkell, "exactly the same" as all her others. Alas, alas, how right Mrs Thirkell always is.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BEER RUMPUS The Belgian Congo's 11,000,000 Africans—heartiest beer-drinking natives anywhere—last year gulped down 250 million pints of good strong ale between them. And they gave Belgian colonial officials the hump.

It worked out that the men—the women and children don't drink—spent almost a third of their monthly pay packet's (around £13) on liquor. And while beer consumption soared and the womenfolk got madder and madder, food consumption sagged.

Worried government officials have now issued an official repudiation to Belgian brewers, when they accuse of brewing beer specially for natives which is far stronger than can be bought in Belgium.

"Nonsense!" say the brewers. It's better, they add, that the natives should get beer which does them good than make their own poison. Which is what they'd do if they couldn't buy beer. Already spirits are banned for them.

Plans to raise the beer tax were dropped. The natives, the officials figured, would drink as much anyway. And that would mean still less money would be getting into the home.

Then officials started paying husbands' wages straight to the wives. That had to be dropped, too. It led to near revolution in one region.

THEY'VE HAD IT In Bishops Itchington, England, the men have had enough. Too much woman-rule. In this little Warwickshire village, the election cry is: "Up with the men!"

Next month the village goes to the polls for the election of a new parish council. For six years the village has been ruled by a petticoat government—ever since the women candidates came out and decided that it Bishops Itchington was ever to get on the map, then the women would put it there.

And for six years there has been only one man on the council.

Now, the men, led by agricultural contractor Frank Moore, hope to end it all and get some new blood into the council.

But nobody gives the men selves, an average of half a bottle a head.

Because in the six years the women HAVE put the village on the map. Had new roads built for it, houses erected.

Current bookmaker's odds: 100 to one against the men winning.

SHAKING NUDDISTS It's the French Navy versus the nudists in the big battle for who should have the little island, Ile du Levant, off the Toulon coast.

And so far the Navy is winning—with aerial torpedoes and rockets leaving the nudists shaking in their bare skins.

It was a pretty peaceful little island until the Navy moved in. The nudists had been using it for 25 years and nobody ever bothered them except the tourists who used to sail out to the island at week-ends for a peek.

Then the Navy moved in. They said they were going to use the island as a rocket-launching and torpedo-testing ground. They cordoned off nine-tenths of it, leaving a little corner to the nudists, and posted up notices, saying that visitors to the island would in future be "openly dressed" if they wished to enter the military zone.

The nudists' naked rage quietened after a while, but over Easter two things happened:

Two aerial torpedoes landed plumb in the middle of a picnic party (dress: optional) but did not explode.

And foreign nudist organisations said they would not be sending delegates there this year "in view of present conditions."

But, in spite of everything, the Navy refuses to give in. Said a spokesman: "We have already spent a lot of money on our research station" on the island. "You can test bombs in the Sahara but you can't call ships there. So we intend to keep the island with or without the nudists."

CHAMPAGNE CALORE Britain drank more champagne than any other country outside France last year. She imported 2,185,839 bottles costing £1,300,000.

America was a close second, with 2,178,034 bottles, but there are nearly four times as many Americans as Britons. The world drank a total of 33,000,000 bottles last year, and of this amount, Frenchmen drank 22,000,000 bottles them-

elves, an average of half a bottle a head.

Kremlin commissars must have smiled the drier of dry smiles at all the time and money spent by the Western world in drowning their capitalist sorrows in deviantist drink.

For between them, Russia, Hungary and Rumania drank less than 4,000 bottles.

But what is most puzzling about all this Communist abstinence is—how do the Chinese launch their ships? For Red China did not buy a single bottle of French champagne last year.

PLACE IN HISTORY The Chinese Communists have decided that there's a place in the nation's history for the Ming Emperor—emperor who these days would qualify for the title of "fascist hyenas."

In a fit of remorse for its neglect, the government has ordered that repairs should start at once on the historic site 50 miles from Peking, where 13 of the emperors—who lived between 1368 and 1644—are buried.

On the site is a marble arch, the finest in China, and an avenue of stone warriors and animals.

TOBERMORY TREASURE Salvage expert Jim Pollard is going down again—this time to the depths of Tobermory Bay off Scotland's Argyllshire, to look for a sixteenth century Spanish galleon believed to be sunk there with millions of dollars of gold and precious stones in its rotting hull.

Entrants in the competition, being held at Staplehurst, in the heart of the Kent hopfields, are some of Britain's most highly skilled agricultural workers.

They are the men who, each spring weave the vast webs of string up which the hops climb. About 300,000 miles of string are used every year in the production of the 11,000 tons of hops that the brewers require.

Making large sweeps with their "needles"—ten-foot-long poles topped with bent piping through which their string is played—good hop stringers can cover an acre a day. Their work is rather like knitting on a gigantic scale. Winners and losers alike receive a free pint of beer—for, after all, they are the men who make possible every one's pint.

There is something there, Pollard is sure. Radar checks have established the position of a 100 foot mound at the bottom of the bay.

Maybe it is the treasure ship—but before salvagers can even get to it they will have to dig through feet-thick silt, piled up by currents of four centuries.

Ex-Royal Navy Captain Simpson Jones, who will lead the new expedition, says there is probably 15,000 to 20,000 tons of silt there. And all of it will have to be dug out of the way.

Between them Jones and Pollard—who helped recover remains of the wrecked Comet jetliner off Ebo last year—hope to win a fortune for themselves and for the Duke of Argyll, who has inherited the wreck under Royal Charter.

MADAM WILL YOU ALONG "A" WALK? The "A" fashion line goes the "A" walk. London mannequins are going back to school to learn it. It is the walk that fits into Dior's new line, maintaining the "A" in motion.

"Girls are finding it very difficult to learn," said a fashion expert at West End school for mannequins. "It takes constant practice and concentration." Photographers have had to change the stance of their models for the glossy magazines. It is no longer one foot in front of the other, pointing ahead and the other placed at right angles behind. Now the drill is legs wide apart, feet pointing outwards, making the letter "A".

"During the war," we got the long stride, based on the march of the girls in the services. With the New Look came shorter steps, with a more graceful carriage. Now we have the third and most difficult change.

"KNITTING" FOR BEER About 50 men "knitting" with "needles" ten feet long are competing for a world championship title—but instead of wool they use string, and every three inches they knit will help to produce a pint of beer.

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REPORTERS' BLUES Washington correspondents of strike-bound London newspapers hung around the Reuters' office like men on the dole around an employment agency. They were all hungry for news from London.

One solved his stress problem by building a splendid model airplane. For a week his office was turned into a carpenter's shop, full of wood shavings and smelling of "dope."

The result was a bright green high-wing monoplane with a three-foot wing span. Testing trials were successfully carried out in the "passage" to the astonishment of the staff of an American news magazine, who have their offices opposite.

Another correspondent took his wife to Hollywood for Easter. But there was one good thing. Correspondents had time to prepare their tax returns, which are even more complicated than the British version.

YUM British hair cream makers are sending out shiploads of their product to the Gold Coast, to meet a soaring demand for it among West African natives.

Not because of any sudden flair for slicked hair—it's just that the Africans like it best for its quality as a sandwich spread.

And the natives say it tastes pretty good with strawberries too.

Other sales booms: Castor oil—also fine on bread. Perfume—in which sugar cubes are soaked before eating.

SHORTER HOURS A party of visitors from Stalingrad touring a large British factory in the Midlands was told by the works foreman that his men on day shift normally started at eight in the morning and finished at half past four.

With a smirk one of the Russians pointed out that back home in Stalingrad a good worker would have started at seven in the morning and finished at five.

Said the foreman: "That's all right in Russia. But you couldn't do it here. They're all Communists in this place."

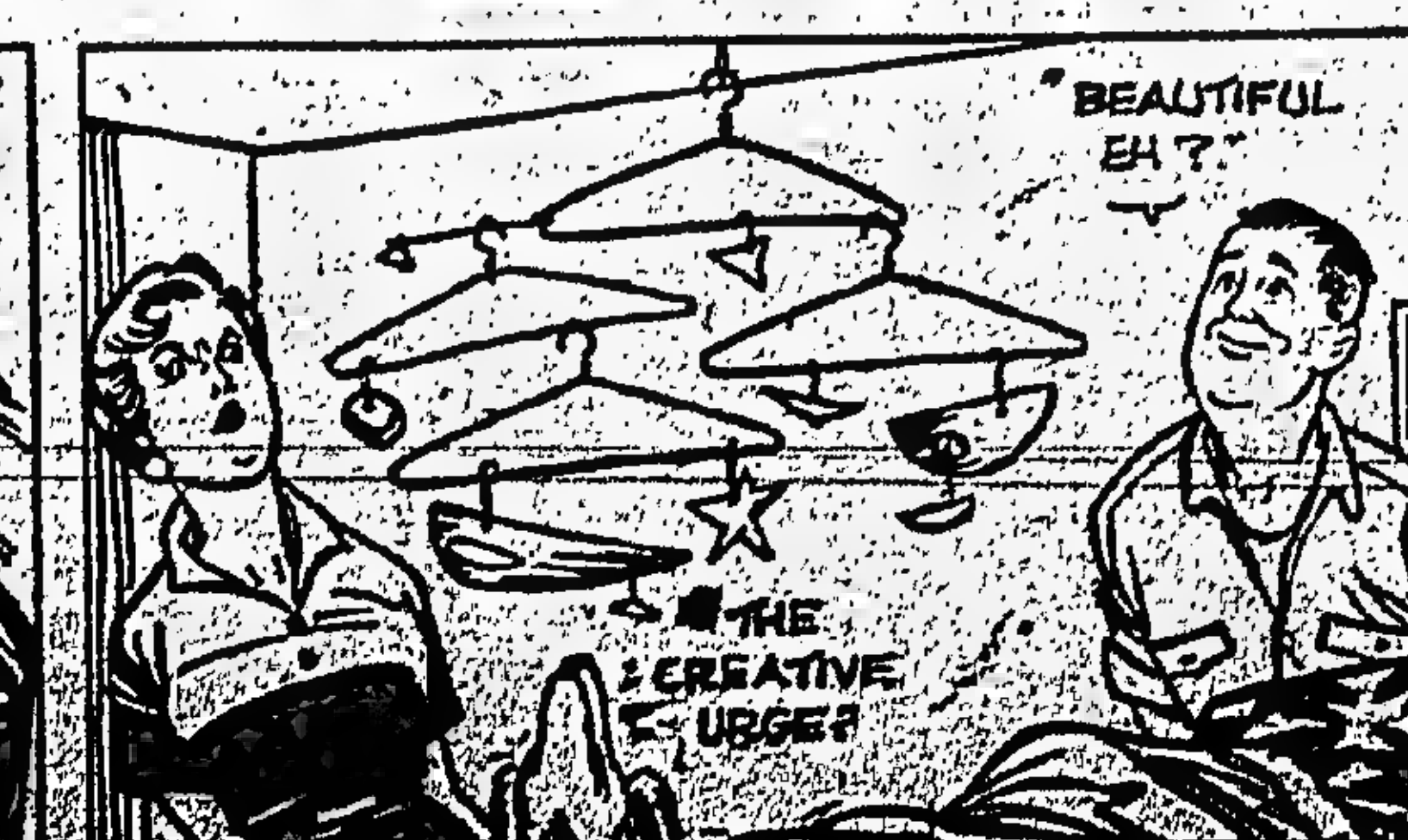
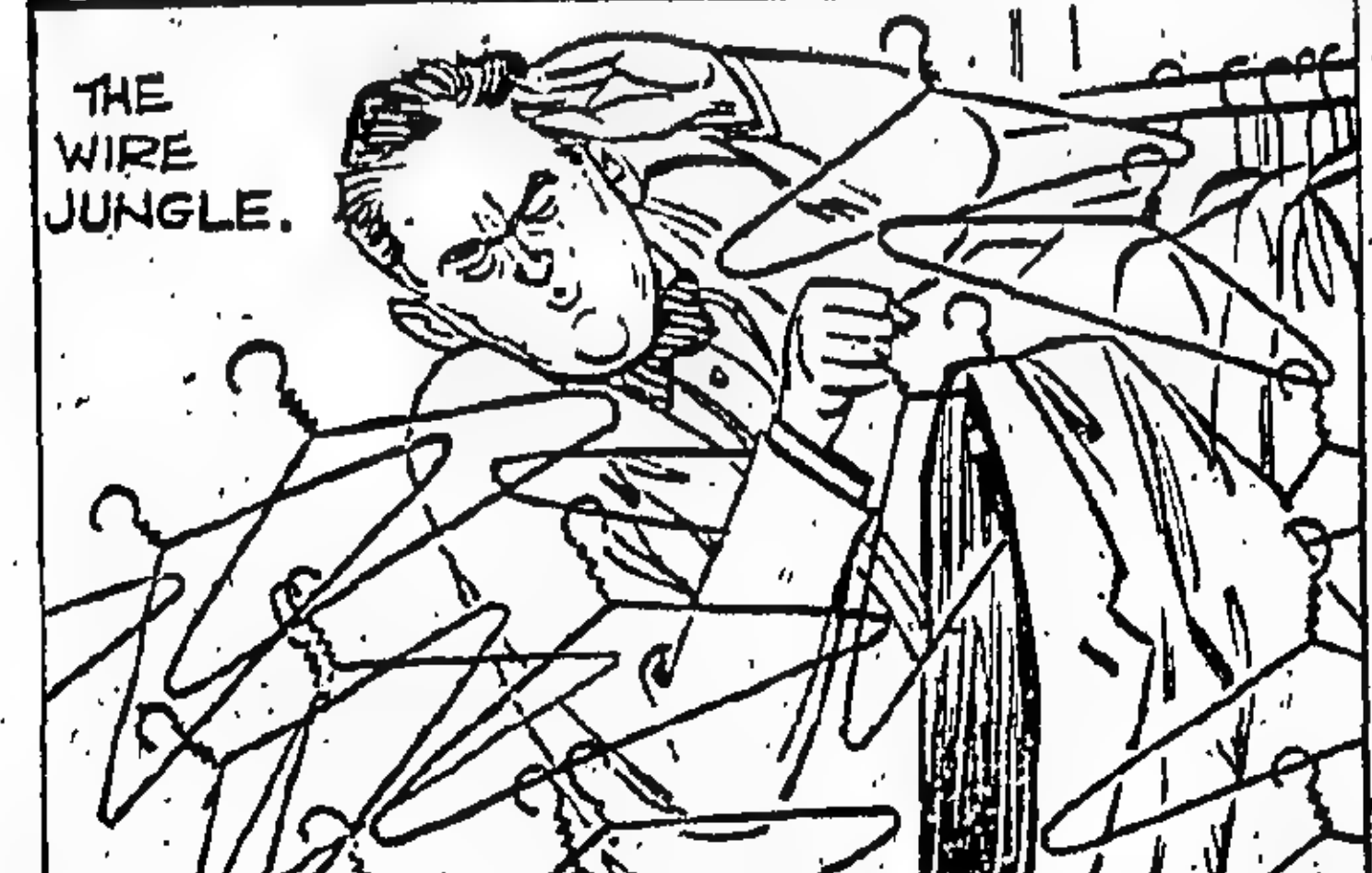
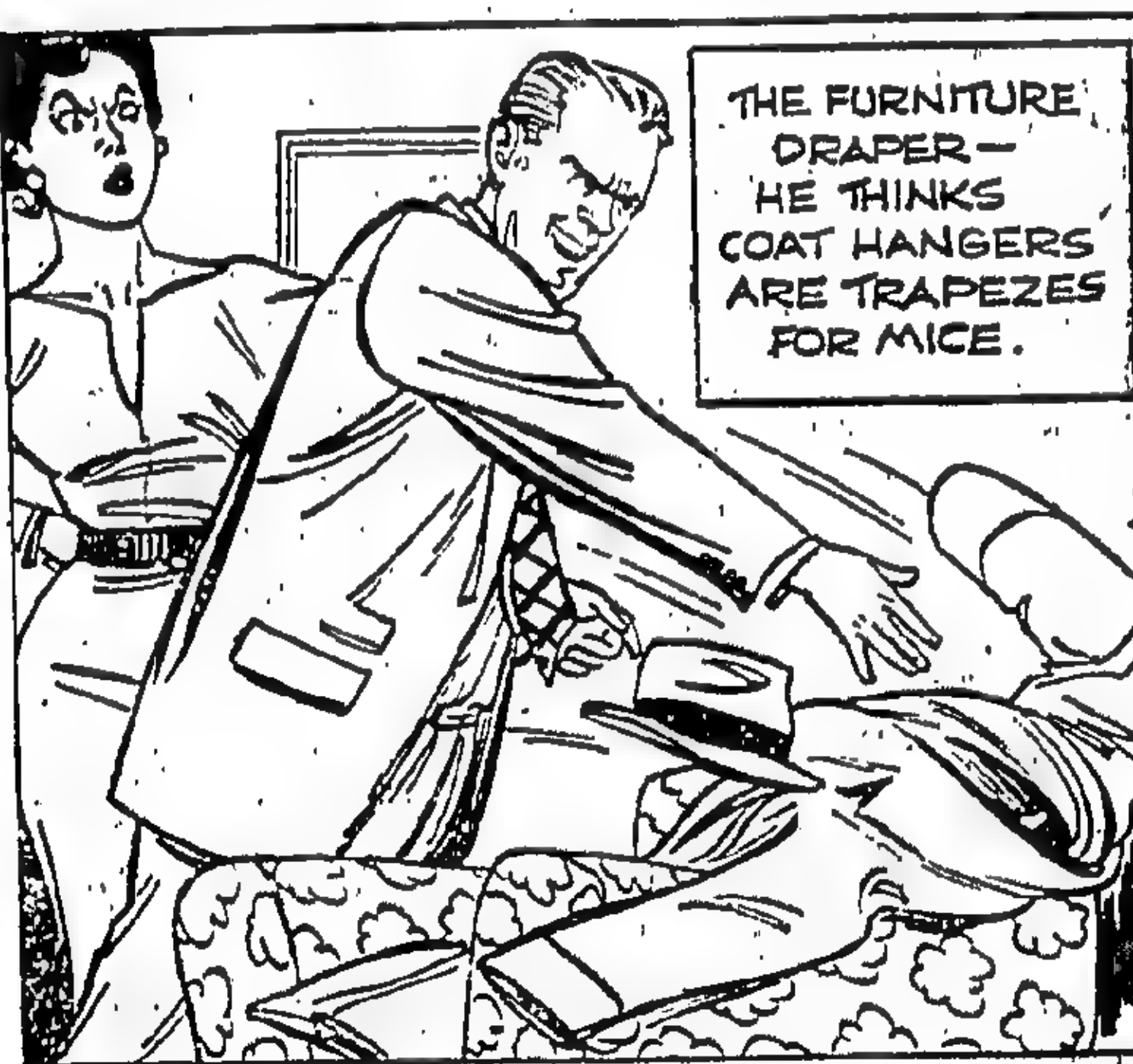
BRIGHT DOC Auckland (NZ) dogs are to get a new kind of lightbulb toll among a mounting anxiety that the city's dogs are to be fitted with luminous tape used in automobiles.

But the reflectors won't wag—the tape will be fixed to the dog's collar.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just Clothes Hangers

BY HARRY WEINERT



**FROZEN FRESH
IN THE COUNTRY!**

**TRY
Salsbury's
FROZEN FOODS
TODAY!**

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Are Pools The Tools To Restore The Fluctuating Fortunes Of Our Football?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

Whatever one likes to think about it there is surely little doubt that the most important single factor of influence in Colony football today is finance. Time and time again it has been asked in many circles just why there should be such stress on money when we are, to all intents and purposes—superficially at least—involved in amateur soccer.

It is not my intention at the moment to discuss the implications of this oft debated and vexing question but after a lot of careful consideration I am going to write about a point of view that was originally presented to me some seven weeks ago.

The scheme was first broached in the grandstand at Caroline Hill by two gentlemen who are keen followers but not officials of the game. Fundamentally their basic argument was based on the belief that there is a great deal of wealth on the fringe of the soccer community which is at present beyond the reach of those who run out football affairs, it is in fact in the hands of the gamblers who use the game merely as a means of making money.

That was the first fact presented to me and I am sure that few will quibble about the accuracy of it. The second reasoned factor was that although the various clubs in the Hongkong Football League all made the same basic contribution to the game, i.e. they took part in the official competition—not all of them for various reasons took the semblance of equal reward out of it.

That too is sound enough although one must qualify it by stating that not all of them put the same contribution in to it either in skill or service, and the old saying which starts "as ye sow" must not be entirely forgotten.

THE REAL ANSWER?

But I must confess I was wondering where it was all leading when one of the gentlemen said that in his opinion the real answer to all the football financial worries for stadia, coaching, travelling and welfare lay in following a policy similar in principle to that of, let us say, the football pools system in several European countries where a large part of the profit goes back into benefit schemes for disabled players, into the building of new stadia, the provision of new equipment not only for football but for all other sports as well.

The answer according to my informants was in Football Pools organised and managed by the Hongkong Football Association. It was pointed out to me that with four league divisions in action there was more than adequate material for such a project, but which could also be run on the U.K. league games. The idea seemed to be to run the pools on exactly the same pattern as those in Great Britain.

The great difference in this case would be that the HKFA would be the promoters and that all profits would be ploughed back into the game.

Such a suggestion will no doubt send the purists quivering and squealing. There will be those ready to shout a thousand reasons why because of principles, law, or conscience it cannot be done, but there will also be those who will point, as my two friends do, to the many monuments that stand to the credit of the Jockey Club, monuments not only of brick and mortar, but also of service, philanthropy and goodwill.

It is no part of my job to say this is a good or a bad suggestion. It is my intention only to write about it as it has been presented to me. There is little doubt that the scheme, as now suggested, would be popular or unpopular according to individual appreciation of it.

In Great Britain the pools rank among the very biggest industries in the land simply because there is always the chance of the little man snatch-

ing a mammoth win from a humble stake—but the organisers' profits are enormous. The sociologists in our midst may squirm at the tentacles of such a monster might cause, but so did the sociologists of Britain and elsewhere, and anyhow there is little real evidence that the pools have produced a fraction of the misery that might well be attributed to other less straightforward and less fruitful forms of gambling.

At the moment there is little doubt that our game would benefit from a more equitable division of accrued wealth. Money could provide facilities for football education, for touring abroad, and for stadia expenditure. It can also provide a provident reserve to assist players who through injury, ill-health or advancing years have to fade out of the limelight.

Such a thing would not be charity, it would be a belated reward for the pleasure and entertainment the player gave to the public during his active years in the game. The question of "unfortunates" will immediately be raised but the two gentlemen whose suggestion this is believe that such a scheme could be administered so that status would not be violated.

ONLY BENEFICIAL

During the recent newspaper strike in the United Kingdom a top-standing football personality was credited with the comment that if nothing else the strike had brought home to him and to the general public the extent of the service which sports writers make to the game.

Sports writers, whether in Hongkong or elsewhere, do make an important contribution and, provided they do their job honestly, their service can only be beneficial.

I think it is true to say that in the main most sports writers give comprehensive pre-thoughts to the significance and consequences of what they write, and also that they should prudently leave unsaid and unreported. The big question is what must be decided which course should be taken?

It is my personal opinion that if by leaving out a revealing comment a wrong impression might be created then it is the writer's responsibility and duty to the public to report faithfully what he saw as he saw it.

Let me give an example in football parlance. "Black kicked White on the leg." Black was ordered off the field. Such a bald double statement creates the impression that Black with-out provocation deliberately fouled an opponent.

Let us now present it in a slightly different way. "Un-punished by the referee White struck Black. Black, within eight of the referee, retaliated. Black was ordered off the field." The situation now is rather different.

The football public who might have formed a very erroneous opinion of Black—who previously had a good reputation—now realise that but for unpunished provocation the incident and temporary indiscretion which resulted in his being ordered off would probably never have happened.

Such a presentation of a report is surely a service due to public and player alike. To suggest that it is a prejudg-

ment of the merits of an incident that took place in full view of the public or that to report it would in any way influence the official findings of a committee duly appointed to investigate the whole affair is hardly a compliment to the members of the committee. If such a suggestion could be sustained then we would be nearer to the end of the fundamental features of investigation by committee.

There is an old translated charge to "committeesmen which goes like this—

"Heed not what tongues beyond these walls have told,
"Heed not what stories writers' pens unfold,
"Heed only facts related in this place."

"And right and justice shall not fall from grace."

I have the greatest respect for the integrity, impartiality and sportsmanship of the members of the particular committee of the HKFA who will deal with the local case which is pending at the moment and I am certain that they will not be influenced in any way by unofficial reports and comments either from the press or from any other quarter.

COMING GAMES

Today

Memorial Cup — 1st Round
Hongkong Chinese v. Combined Services at Caroline Hill, 8.30 p.m.

Tomorrow

Kowloon Chinese v. Civilians at Club Stadium at 8.30 p.m.

This match will be preceded by an exhibition game between H.K. Non-Chinese Ex-Inter-ports and H.K. Chinese Ex-Inter-ports. This game will start at 7.15 p.m.

Thursday

Victory Cup Final
Combined Chinese v. Combined Services at Caroline Hill, 8.30 p.m.

This match will be preceded by an exhibition game between the Veterans of Australia, Tours and REME which will start at 7.15 p.m.

World's Best Marksman?

A world's record for marksmanship—over 64 years—is being claimed for Mr Alistair MacNaughton, of Brailstone, Glasgow, chief engineering draughtsman in the works of William Beardmore.

MacNaughton, shooting for the British National Rifle Association team in Jersey recently, scored 149 points out of 150. He handled his first rifle when he was nine and took up the sport in earnest in 1946. He is at present holder of all the senior West of Scotland Rifle-shooting trophies and in 1953 he won the Donegal Cup at Bally. His previous best score was 147.

Your last few chances for nominating Hongkong's Footballer Of The Year

Fill in coupon below and send it in not later than SATURDAY MAY 7th

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed).....

Softball Association's Annual Presentation Dance Tonight

The Hongkong Softball Association will hold their Annual Presentation Dance tonight at the Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon to present awards and prizes to all winning teams, batting champions and most valuable players of the various leagues.

There will also be novelty contests such as Miss Softball, Jitterbug, etc. A large crowd is expected to attend as most of the participating teams have made their reservations. Accommodations are still available and tickets are obtainable at the gate.

The winning teams are St. Joseph's, Senior 'A' League; Blackhaws 'A' Senior 'B' League; Compete Junior League; Dukes Junior Consolation Knock-Out Series; Wahcoo 'A' Ladies Senior League; Overseas Ladies' Junior League; Portugal, Men's and Ladies' International Series.

Batting Champions are S. S. Hsu of Pandas 'A' in the Senior 'A' League, Jim Armstrong of Americans in the Senior 'B' League, Bernardo Gomes of Blackhaws 'B' in the Junior League, and Miss Evelyn Alanco in the Ladies' League. Most Valuable Players will be announced on the spot at 12.00 midnight.

WINNING TEAMS

St. Joseph's—A. E. Ahlberg, Sherry Bucks, J. J. Colloco Jr., A. Ditta, J. Erickson, A. J. Hussain, A. G. Ismail, D. J. Leonard, B. M. Omar, A. M. Ozzio, V. Pedruco, G. Pereira, A. R. Salotti, O. Souza, K. S. Yeung.

Blackhaws 'A'—R. Barretto, J. Grace, F. W. Hollands, M. E. Nunes, R. Nunes, J. Pereira, Eddie Remedios, Eric Remedios, D. Remedios, G. Remedios, D. Remedios, D. Remedios, A. Rodrigues, C. Yvanovich, S. Xavier.

Portugal Ladies—M. Almeida, E. Alonco, A. D'Aquino, T. Campos, N. Carvalho, S. Colloco, M. Cruz, V. Fernandes, D. Mendonca, A. Mendonca, T. Noronha, T. Rosa-Pereira, D. Pires, B. Remedios, S. Bernal-Silva, Y. Silva, J. Strakey.

NO! DIANA YUNG IS NOT LIKELY TO WIN FOUR MAJOR TITLES

Says "TOUCHWOOD"

Main topic of discussion this week in the badminton world here is the question of whether Diana Yung, the 13-year-old Sacred Heart School-girl, will be able to win four major titles in the Hongkong Badminton Association Championships?

My answer is emphatically NO. Diana has a lot still to learn to be able to achieve this Herculean task. The best Diana Yung can do is to win another title.

The first title Diana Yung won was the Junior Ladies' Singles when she defeated Mary Wong of New Method after a

four three-set encounter with scores of 7-11, 11-9, 11-8 in Diana's favour.

Her victory over Mary Wong was no fluke. It was a calculated and well prepared attempt that won Diana the Junior Singles title and she deserved it.

The other finals in which Diana Yung will figure are the Junior and Senior Ladies' Doubles and the Junior Mixed Doubles.

Her partners in these events are Miss Y. Y. Chan in the Ladies' Doubles and George Ma in the Junior Mixed Doubles.

Diana and Miss Chan will meet Misses Helen Kwong and Stella Correa in the Senior Doubles. Here I am not too optimistic about forecasting a victory for Diana Yung and Miss Chan.

In match temperament, stroke production and experience, Helen Kwong and Stella Correa are much too superior a pair for Diana Yung and Miss Chan and I would go further to predict a clear-cut win for Helen Kwong and Stella Correa.

But in the Junior Ladies' Doubles, Diana Yung and Miss Y. Y. Chan against Cinder Ho and Mrs M. Soares, the former pair hold the edge.

Victory for the Misses Yung and Chan will have to depend on consistency of form, especially on the part of Miss Chan who is still very inexperienced in competitive badminton and lacks concentration in her matches.

STAGE FRIGHT

In her matches played last week, Miss Chan was evidently suffering from 'stage fright' for time and again this schoolgirl hit our eyes that normally she could return without difficulty.

Another thing I noticed about Miss Chan's play was that she is in the habit of glancing furtive looks to where her parents are seated.

This entirely throws off not only her concentration but also that of her partner. The thing for Miss Chan to do is to forget about the crowd and play as if she is in a practice session.

In the Junior Mixed Doubles final, Diana Yung and George Ma will have to be at their best if they are to beat Wong Wai-hung and Miss Y. Y. Chan.

Last Thursday's showing by George Ma and Diana Yung against Louis Sousa and Mrs M. Soares was not good enough to capture the Mixed Doubles title. In this match Ma played far too many job shots which should have been put away with a smash.

It was all very well and lucky for George Ma and Diana Yung that Louis Sousa wasn't a hard hitter. Had Sousa possessed a smash the result might well have been reversed.

NEXT WEEK'S BEST

The best final to watch next week will be Wong Wai-hung versus S. K. Wong for the Men's Junior Singles title.

The Wongs have shown themselves worthy finalists for both cleared their preliminaries with the Champions' touch in their play. It is quite a difficult job to pick the winner of this encounter as both Wong Wai-hung and S. K. Wong are about equal, be it in rally or smash. I think S. K. Wong will win the Singles title.

S. K. Wong is the steadier player and he plays best in a

long drawn out match. Perhaps the factor to give this player the edge over his opponent is his stamina.

Wong Wai-hung is inclined to be erratic in crucial stages. When he met George Ma in the semi-final, Wong had to pull out everything he knew before he managed to win.

The score of 15-12, 11-15, 15-13 at which Wong won tells the story of the closeness of this semi-final match. There were those present that night who gave Wong a very slim chance of entering the final for a later rally by George Ma in the closing stages—nearly forced a draw.

But thanks to Ma losing his head when being foot-faulted, Wong collected the next two points to clinch the match.

YOUNG OR FUNK?

Now we come to the most coveted title in Colony badminton. The Senior Open Singles. The finalists here are Ramon Young and Bill Funk. Funk scored a convincing victory in his semi-final match against Dr. K. S. Low, winning by 15-8, 15-5.

In his semi-final Funk did not show a trace of his lacking stamina in spite of the fact that this encounter produced some of the 'longest' rallies in the Senior Open Singles.

Perhaps, Funk knows all the strokes of the doctor so that his anticipation saved him from running unnecessarily or was it the fact that his opponent is essentially a doubles player that resulted in an easy victory for Bill Funk?

To have the answer one would have to watch the Ramon Yung-Bill Funk match.

This odds are heavily against Bill Funk, but this player has on a day's form been known to have given the best in the Colony a run for their money.

On Ramon Young's reputation it is inconceivable that he could lose to Funk and taking in consideration his recent trip to Bombay which, needless to say, added more experience to his credit side, my choice for the 1965 Singles Champion is Ramon Young.

Bowls Teams

The following are the teams for friendly and practice lawn bowls matches over the weekend.

HKFC

A practice game has been arranged by the HKFC for the following players tomorrow, April 30, at 3.30 p.m.

B. I. Bickford, R. C. Butler, P. Butler, P. E. Gardner, R. Forrow, W. Gorman, W. McColl, H. Black, E. Greenwood, H. Ristad, T. Sneddon, B. Baker, M. Bakken, H. Van Zanten, W. Taylor, H. Blyth, H. Shields, T. Dyer, L. L. G. Summers, E. Gautier, H. Blyth, N. Van Hook, A. Boyd, C. Cowan, N. Henton, L. Jones, H. B. Dowling, G. Walker, W. Woodcock, E. Eggleston, A. Crook, M. McCormick.

FILIPINO CLUB

The following have been selected to represent the Filipino Club in a friendly lawn bowls game against IRC at King's Park on Sunday, May 1, starting at 4 p.m.

J. Lee, H. F. Ferreira, A. Bicho, F. J. Rodrigues (skip), H. M. Xavier, M. Nunes, J. A. Tibble, R. B. B. (skip), P. J. Taylor, C. A. S. Pereira, S. Hussain, L. S. Silva (skip), L. A. Pereira, L. S. Castro, F. Tan, A. J. Coelho (skip), L. M. Neves, Paul Chung, M. Rull, Y. A. B. (skip), F. Garcia, M. Segueira (skip), P. Espino, A. C. Lau.

Reserves: C. M. Franco and A. Lau.

Rumanian Rugby Team To Play In Britain

A Rumanian Rugby Union team is to play in Britain next season. The side will be drawn from members of the Locomotor Club of Bucharest, which beat Swansea 23-12 during Swansea's tour of Rumania last summer.

The Rumanians did their best at Swansea on September 8, more on to play Cardiff on September 7, and on September 12 meet Harlequins at Twickenham. (London Express Service)

Sports Diary

TODAY

Soccer
Memorial Cup: H.K. Chinese v. Combined Services (CH), 8.30 p.m.

Bowls
Taca Lusitana: Recreio v. C.B.C.C. at Barcelo 4 p.m.
HKFC practice game at 3.30 p.m.

TOMORROW

Soccer
Memorial Cup: Kowloon Chinese v. Civilians (CH), 8.30 p.m.

Athletics
Inter-School Invitation Athletics Meeting, Caroline Hill, commencing 9 a.m.
Baseball
F.C. v. I.B.C. at King's Park 4 p.m.

AUSTRALIA'S BIG HOPE



Australia's main hope for a gold medal in the athletic section of next year's Olympic Games at Melbourne is milkman Dave Stephens who in the course of the current season has run the Two Miles in 8 minutes 51.9 seconds and has also set new Australian records for the Three Miles and the 5,000 Metres. (Central Press Photo.)

SPORTS BRIEFS

Sergeant-Major Fred Verlander, coach to the British Army boxing team since 1947, is leaving the Service shortly after 28 years in uniform. He is to become sports adviser and organizer for a civilian firm.

Verlander has trained and seconded more ABA Champions and Internationals than anyone.

His pupils include Jack Gardner, Arthur Worral, Peter Toth and Joe Erskine (heavyweight); Don Scott and Henry Cooper, Olympic representatives and light heavyweight champions; Terry Gooding, Eric Ludlum and Peter Longo (middleweight); George Martin and Nicky Garand (welter champions) Ron and Dennis Hinson and George Whelan (lightweight).

All except Worral, Martin and Whelan are now professionals. Gardner won the British and Empire titles. Verlander has five sons, none of whom have shown any desire to take up boxing.

FOOTBALL

Wolverhampton Wanderers, English League Champions, will not decide on a trip to Russia until they have discussed with the FA the question of players being available.

Wolves have been invited to play in Kiev on May 25 and in Moscow on May 30. But there is a FA tour of France, Spain and Portugal, which ends on May 22. Members of the Wolves team may be included in this party.

DOG RACING

Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig have gone to the dogs. Two greyhound puppies at Wimbledon Stadium have been named after the famous American baseball players. Their trainer is Paddy Fortune, whose brother John was a Brooklyn Police Officer for more than 20 years.

There he became an ardent baseball follower. He bred the dogs at his home in Glendore, Co. Cork, and sent them over to Paddy.

BOXING

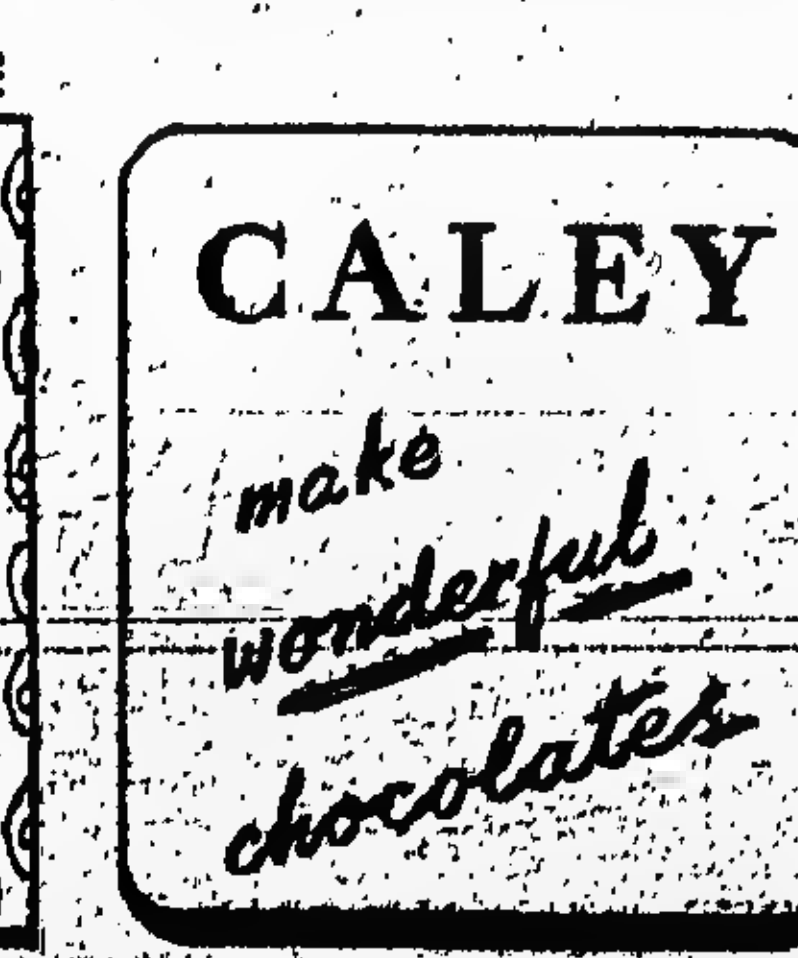
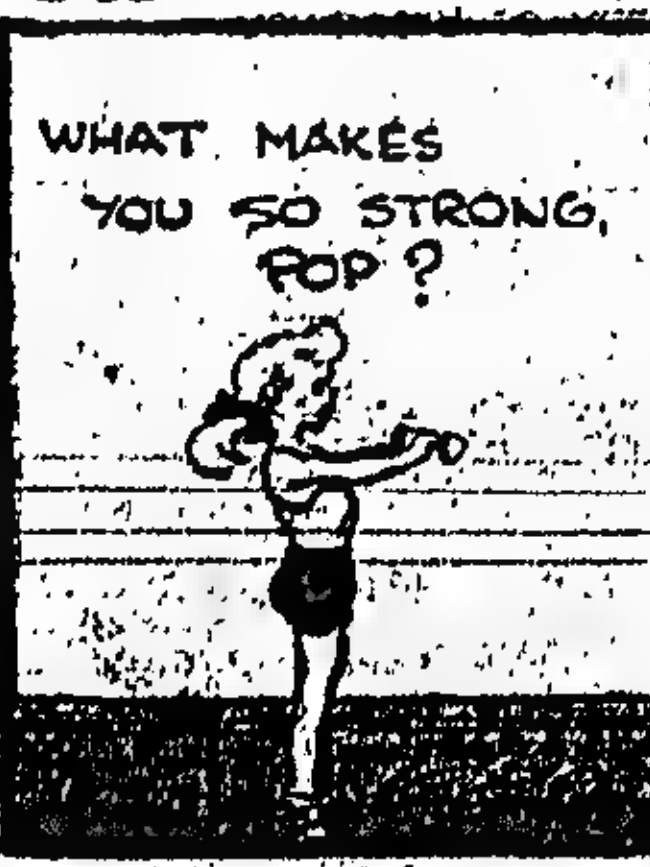
Don Cockell should receive over 250,000 for fighting Rocky Marciano for the World Heavyweight title in San Francisco on May 16. This is the view of Marciano's manager Al Weill. The gate should be half a million dollars, plus 200,000 dollars for theatre, television and 50,000 for picture rights. (London Express Service)

Woodburn Stays In Soccer's Wilderness

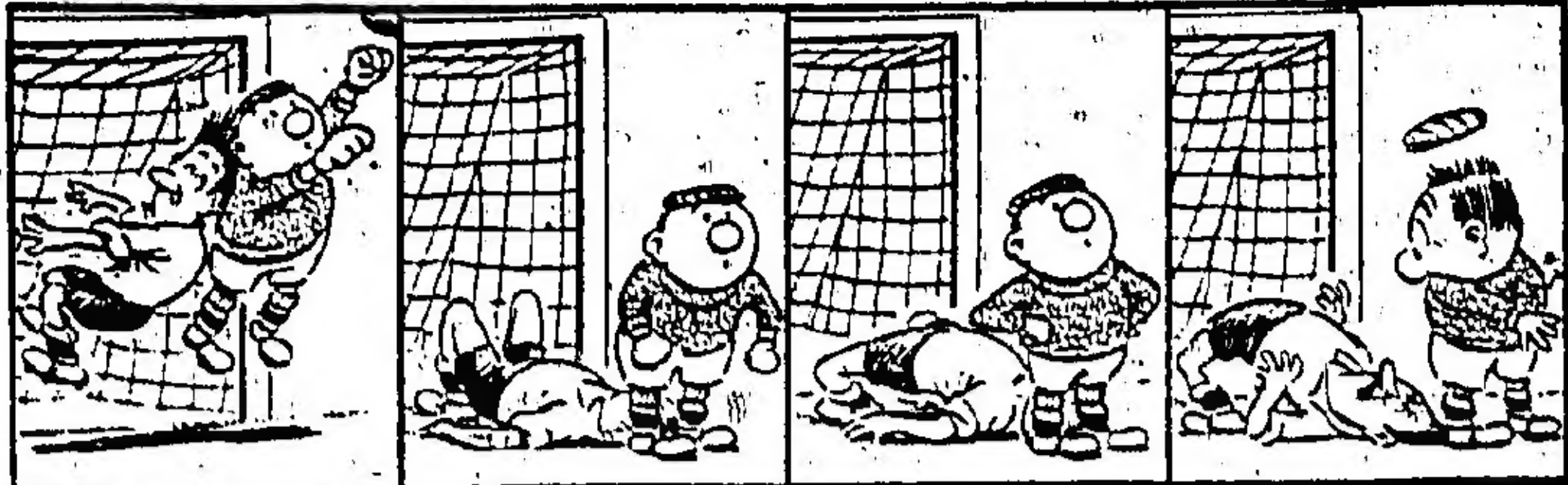
Willie Woodburn, former Glasgow Rangers and Scottish International centre-half, remaining in soccer's wilderness. The referee's committee of the Scottish Football Association has dismissed his appeal against his suspension.

Woodburn was suspended indefinitely last September after being sent off the field in a Rangers v. Stirling Albion League match on August 28. (London Express Service)

POP



By Reg. Wootton



Says ARCHIE QUICK

CONCERNED

The Football Association and the Football League are a little

Yet two new and good ideas have come out of the Basnet Ground. Secretary Billy Adams, on a visit to London, suggested to me that clubs should be given season tickets for the terraces. It would ensure a hard core of attendance, provide money in advance and give the clubs a good pointer as to which supporters deserve Cup Final or international tickets. The other suggestion was that on Wembley days a separate enclosure should be provided for old internationals so that they may have annual reunions.

FIVE-A-SIDE

One of the sporting successes of the winter has been the launching of five-a-side Soccer

THE STRIKE KO'D MILLS

Freddie Mills, former British European and World Light Heavyweight Champion remained on his feet after most bouts in his fight career. But as promoter Mills, he has been KO'd by the English newspaper strike.

Freddie had to cancel his show of April 19 through lack of advance publicity. Now the newspapers are back on the streets in time for his next promotion on May 10. (London Express Service).

Schoolboys Won 10-1 Despite The Reputation Of The Centre-Forward

By "ALL-ROUNDER"

UNLUCKY NUGENT. Cardiff City
Nugent, the Cardiff City
forward, has had five clutches


TELEVISING FEES. Recommendations have been made by the National Association to ask the BBC to pay £2,000 for

Professional Footballers Are Apt To Hide Their Ages

If you ask anyone the county of Joe's birth they will say York-

essional club. He reached his hey-day, however, when Mr Herbert Chapman bought him. This occasion Newcastle were 2-1 winners, but the evergreen

and irrepressible Hulme was not to be denied, and he made a fourth Wembley appearance four years after and got his second winners' medal. Hunter to Drake goal. Still he was no done with far, with only one season between, he bobbed up in Huddersfield colours for his side's final, only to be on the losing side to a Preston last-minute penalty.

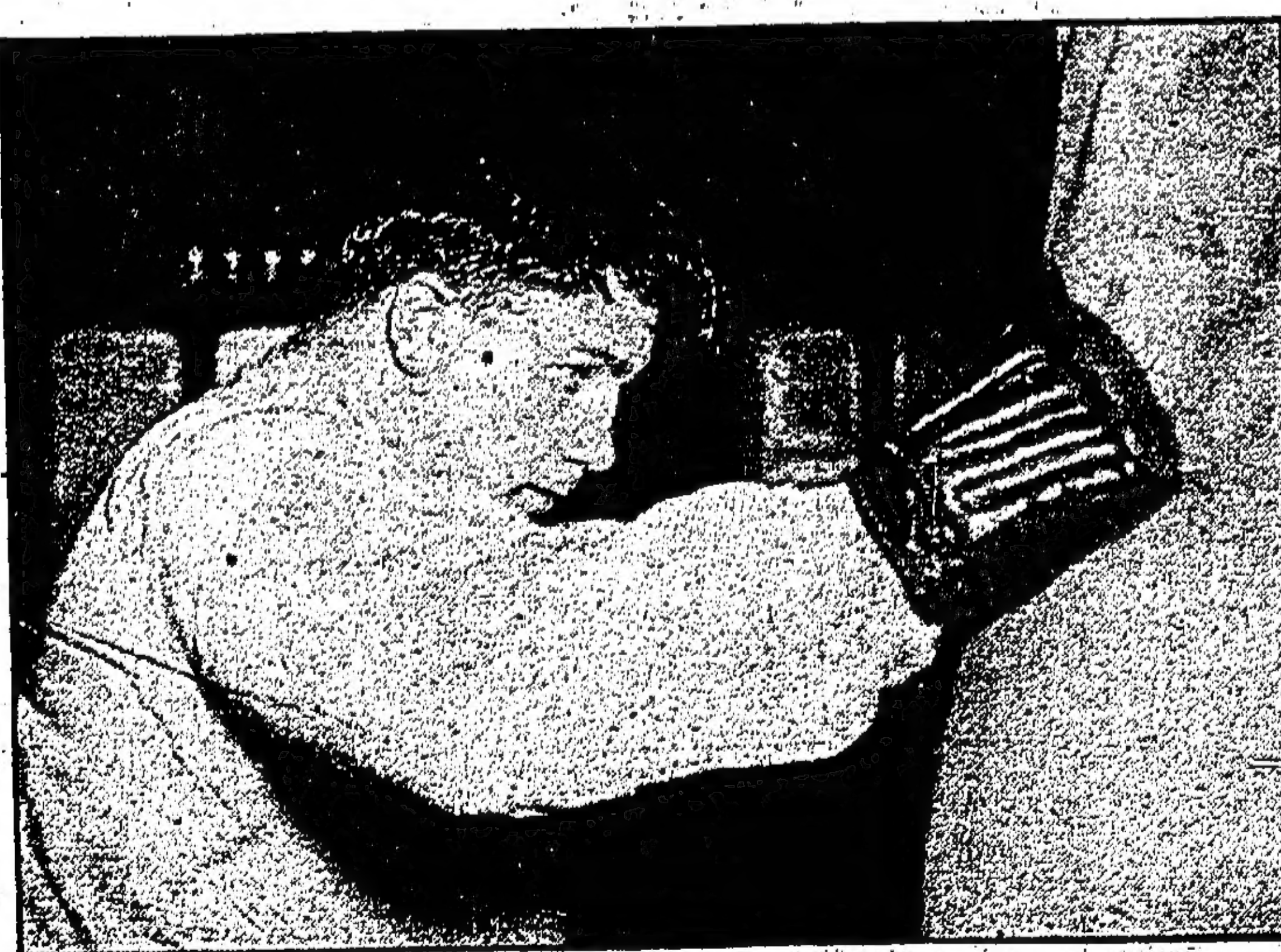


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COCKELL POUNDS AWAY



Don Cockell, Britain's heavyweight hope, pounds away at a punchbag. He is training for his forthcoming attack on American Rocky Marciano's world title on May 16. — Reuterphoto.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



GOLDEN CHURN



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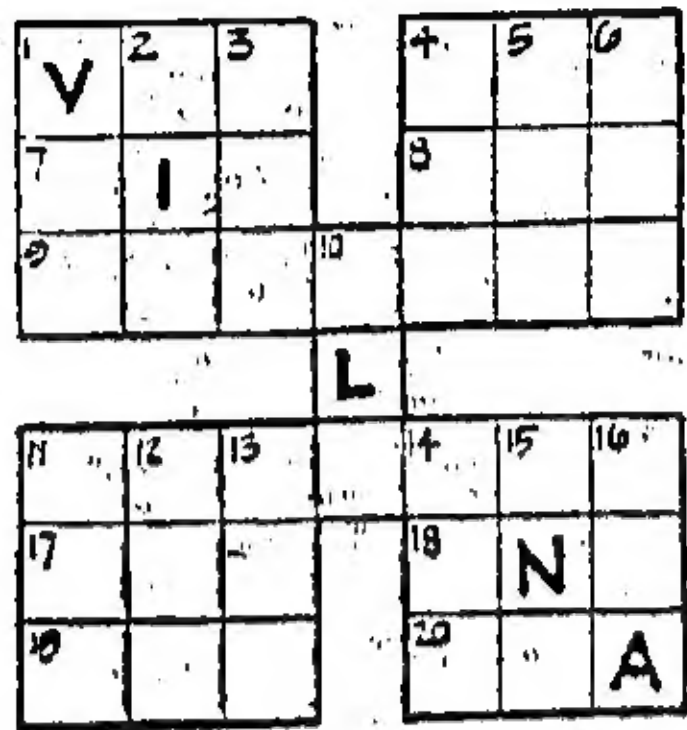


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has lettered in the name of Lithuania's capital to give you a little help with today's crossword:



ACROSS

- 1 Huge tub
- 4 Flatfish
- 5 Ventilator
- 6 Poem
- 9 Discoloured
- 11 Book of Psalms
- 17 Eternity
- 18 Blackbird of cuckoo family
- 19 Station (abbr.)
- 20 Feminine name

DOWN

- 1 Anatomical duct
- 3 River islet
- 4 Tin coin of Malaya
- 5 Put on
- 6 Fruit drink
- 8 Sleeping furniture
- 10 Sick
- 11 Foodlike part
- 12 Drunkard
- 13 Collection of sayings
- 14 Oriental porgy
- 15 Conclusion
- 16 Narrow inlet

LITHUANIAN MIX-UPS

Three facts about Lithuania are in these strange lines. You rearrange the letters in each to find them:

URCHIN ANDY SUDS RAG
TEAL TAB TICS
RUE NO APES

DIAMOND

LIETUVA is a native name for Lithuania and the centre of this diamond. The second word is Latin for "thus", third "a cubic metre", fifth "rough", and sixth "night before an event."

L
I
E
T
U
V
A

Solve This Employment Problem

The "tools" listed below are necessary to certain occupations. Can you put them to work? Match each tool with the most likely worker—and you'll have no unemployment problem.

1. palette (a) admiral
2. larkie (b) farmer
3. hod (c) actor
4. awl (d) artist
5. monkey wrench (e) mechanic
6. trowel (f) mason
7. grease paint (g) secretary
8. baton (h) usherette
9. flashlight (i) carpenter
10. caterpillar (j) band leader
11. compass (k) gardener
12. typewriter (l) cowboy

(Answers on Page 20)

CODED MESSAGE

The Puzzlemaster has substituted a simple code for the correct letters in his sentence about Lithuania. Can you decipher it? That country is part of the first word:

LITHUANIAN REBUS

Use the words and pictures to fullest advantage to find three facts about Lithuania in this rebus:



(Solutions on Page 20)



Cowboys' Brands May Conceal Strange Tales Of Murder Or Love

By BESS RITTER

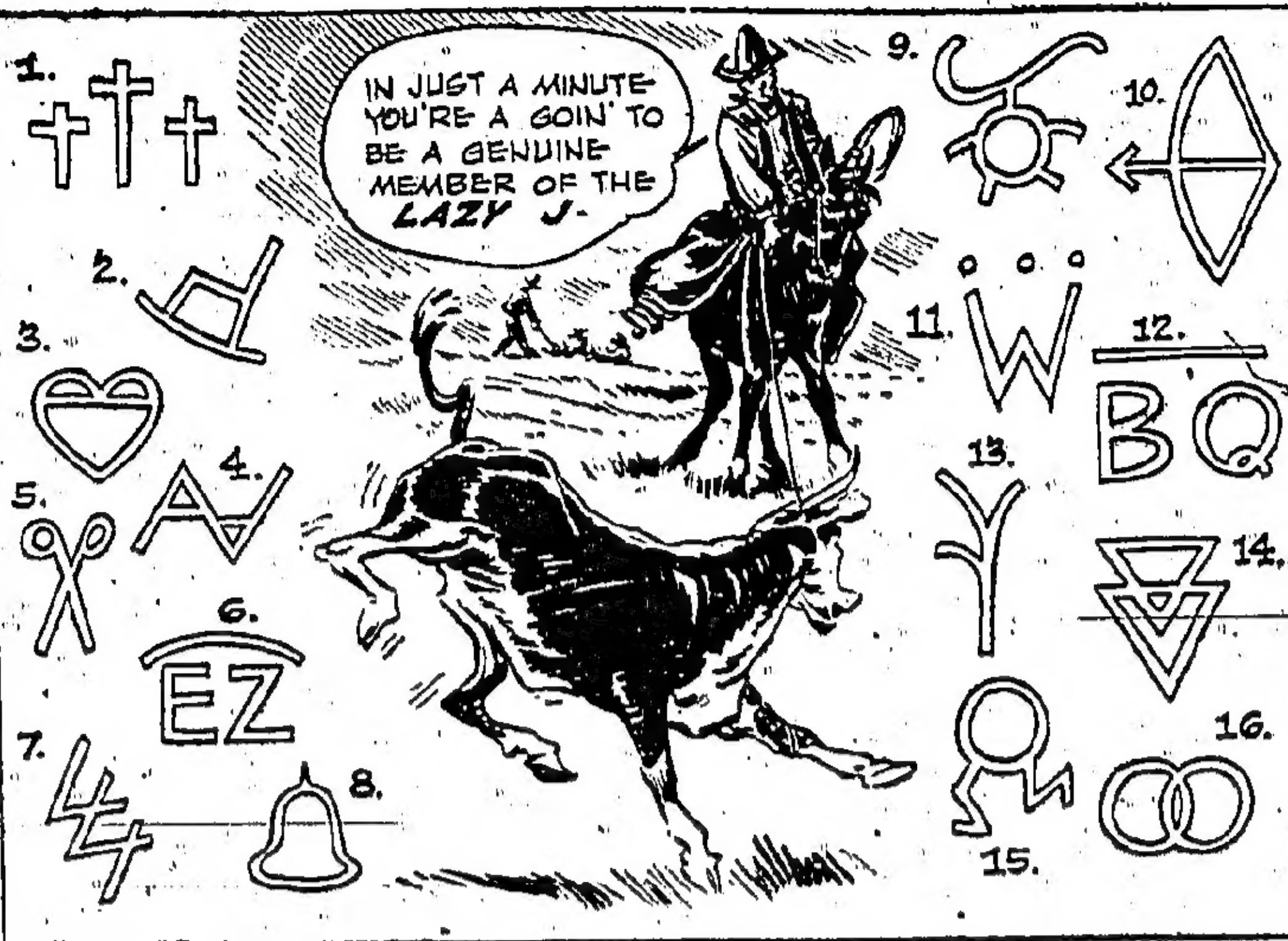
WHEN a cowboy marks the sides of his steers with the traditional red-hot branding iron, he doesn't do so aimlessly. Instead, he creates his design with the utmost of care, making sure that it signifies something that seems important to him—which might be anything from a love of justice right down to the love of his best girl.

One good example of this is the famous "TIR" brand, that was burned by an Arizona cowboy into all his animals just before he departed for Korea. Nobody knew what the letters meant except himself and the girl who was going to be his bride when he came back. Neither disclosed the secret until he did—for the letters simply stood for the phrase, "Till I Return."

A GIFT FOR LIL

The "LIL" brand entails another "young lady" western story. Her name was Lily Plunkett. She went to Texas from the East coast with her father. She was beautiful—and of course, every cowboy in the county was quick to recognize this fact. They vied in courting her.

But being cowboys, instead of showering her with flowers, candy and the like, they chose cattle. Each would brand any maverick he could possibly find and bring it around to her as a gift, after branding the letters "LIL" into it, for Lily. Of course she got only the finest and the fattest. For what suitor could know then that she'd collect enough of the creatures to form the nucleus of a very valuable herd, then marry up with an old sweetheart from the East who came to claim her?



The brands pictured around the border here are just a few of the more famous ones: 1—Three Crosses (Cortez); 2—Rocking Chair (Texas); 3—Hearts B (Colorado); 4—A Up A Down (Arizona); 5—Scissors (New Mexico); 6—Swing Easy (Wyoming); 7—Forty-Four (Nebraska); 8—Dinner Bell (California); 9—Whangdoodle (New Mexico); 10—Bow and Arrow (New Mexico); 11—Three Dot W (California); 12—Bar B Q (Barbecue) (Texas); 13—Three Feathers (Canada); 14—Double Triangle (Texas); 15—Running O (Nebraska); 16—Double Circles (Arizona).

But brand marks can signify many other sorts of strong emotion, such as the one that was burned into the side of a bull in Brewster county. This spelled out the word "MURDER" and was done in memory of an incident that occurred during one roundup when a group of men got into an argument over a brindle bull. It grew heated, and before long was climaxed by a shooting in which four men died.

A GRIM REMINDER

The cowboys were so incensed over the pointless killings that they roped the bull, made a steer of him, and burned the six letters—billboard size—into his hide. Then they turned him loose, and the steer became a pariah. Everybody drove

it from his herd and his corral. Though it's dead now, it still lives in range legend as a reminder of a horrible act.

AN OBITUARY

Then there's the story of the brand that served as an obituary for the cowboy who actually intended it that way. For he knew that he was going to die shortly afterward. The whole thing happened one day when he was riding out alone and had just roped a yearling calf and built a fire to heat the iron. Then he was jumped by Indians, overpowered and killed, but not before he'd burned this message on the creature: "INDIANS . . . J. H." The date followed. Three years later his home folks read it, on the hide of what was then a fully grown animal.

During the war the steer's hide was a "natural" for the patriotic message. All sorts were employed. "IKE" appeared at the time he was appointed "boss to invade Germany." There have been picture brands of simplified

aeroplanes and of rocks, picturing Corregidor. "PH" was offered for registry no less than 74 times in Texas alone, in remembrance of Pearl Harbor, and it's surprising how many designs were created from these two simple initials. The "V" for victory was very commonplace as well, and the only reason why the cryptic picture of a flag wasn't used, although some thousands of big-hatted gents tried to register it, was that it had been done already, in all conceivable forms, in troubled times in the past.

A RELIGIOUS SYMBOL

As far as religion is concerned, a brand designed for this purpose dates all the way back to Hernando Cortez—400 years ago, soon after Columbus arrived in America. He attempted to Christianize the Indians, and while he was about it, burned a symbolical design on all the animals he owned. This consists of two small crosses flanking a larger one, signifying the holy trinity.

A GALLANT SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

A GALLANT soldier of action against his victorious Louis de Rouvroy Saint-Luxembourg, on a question Simon, born in 1675 at of who should have Versailles, the cradle of cedence at court.

No wonder Saint-Simon did not receive the promotion he hoped for. And this embittered him so much he gave up his army commission.

The king took an intense dislike to him and it was only by intrigue that Saint-Simon was able to keep a footing at court. Undaunted, he organized an information service through friends and servants and secured such interesting details of the scandals that went on in the king's entourage that his memoirs make some of the most revealing reading about France of his day.

The stamp is perforated, 13, costs 5d, in London and is repress-printed—J.A.A.



An Agreeable Snow Man

—In Tipping His Hat, He Lost His Balance—

By MAX TRELL

IT was a sharp, cold, bright day. Knarf and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, were standing by the window wondering whether it wasn't too cold to venture outside when they noticed someone waving to them from the garden.

Now at this time of the year there was only one person in the garden. And this person wasn't even a real person though he had arms and legs and a face and eyes and he wore a hat and leaned on a cane.

Too Polite

This person waved again to Knarf and Hand in the window. Then, with great politeness, he lifted his hat and made a deep bow. This bow, however, was unfortunate. He lost his balance and fell heavily flat on his face.

On seeing this happen, Knarf and Hand gasped in dismay. The next instant they put on their coats and ran outside. They found their friend still lying flat on his face, either unable or perhaps too lazy to lift himself back to his feet. They helped him up at once. In a second he was upright again.

"There! I hope you aren't hurt, Mr. Frigid," said Hand.

Unfortunate Angle

"Not at all, my dear. Not at all," replied Mr. Frigid in a voice that was friendly, and lay at the same time. "Would you mind putting my hat on right? It's tilted right over my nose."



"I hope you aren't hurt, Mr. Frigid," said Hand.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Frigid. "It didn't hurt at all. You can twist my nose all you like. Thank you for putting my hat on straight. And I do believe I've lost one of my coat buttons. A little black pebble will do."

A few minutes later Mr. Frigid, with his hat straight, all his buttons replaced, his cane in his hand and the other hand stuck snugly under the flap of his coat.

"I feel wonderful, my dear," he said in the same friendly but icy tone of voice that was customary with him. "Thank you for all your help. It wouldn't have been pleasant spending the rest of the winter lying flat on my face in the garden."

Conduct For A Snow Man. Just before they left, Knarf and Hand told Mr. Frigid that they didn't think that a snow man should ever try to wave his hand, tip his hat and above all, to make a bow.

"It's just never done," said Hand.

"I'm afraid you're right," said Mr. Frigid, smiling with friendliness and with a shiver.



"My husband is a poor loser."

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

BORN today, you have a serious, critical mind which, when combined with sincerity and frankness serves to make you a highly dependable individual. You can be relied upon to tell the truth, not only as you may see it personally—but as the tested facts indicate. You are wide awake and alert to contemporary events and have very definite opinions. You are not one to rush into anything. But when you have deliberately made a decision, nothing will move you.

Your emotions are near the top and you are fond of the company of the opposite sex. But you will hesitate to forfeit your independence until you are very sure that what you have is real love and not a temporary infatuation. An early marriage, actually, would bring you a great deal of happiness for you are fond of children and will want a large family of your own. You are a loving parent but not overindulgent. You believe that the best training in youth is that which helps a child to stand on his own feet, ready to meet the world.

You are talented, and have the gift of the written and spoken word. You will be happiest if you select a life career which is in some way connected with the arts. It may be in a managerial capacity, for you have good business sense and will probably be quite wealthy after middle life.

Among those born on this date are: Sir John Lubbock, scientist; Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., writer; F. H. Yost, noted athletic coach; William Pittkin, Colonial governor of Connecticut; Robert C. Minor, artist; and Henry O. Houghton, publisher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 1

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—The new month starts under auspicious circumstances. Take full advantage of all opportunities.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—The stars say things will go along well if only you will keep a firm control on your emotions and temper.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Church attendance this morning could bring you spiritual renewal and confidence in the future.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Friendliness will play a large part in the success of this day for you. Renew old acquaintances.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A fine beginning for the new month. Practically everything you desire may be yours for the asking.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Join a group of friends after church today in some community affair. It can be mutually beneficial.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Offer to help someone who may be too timid to ask you. Remember, actions speak louder than words.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Affairs at home should take a satisfactory turn. There can be much joy and happiness in store.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You can build up your health and energy if you will get outdoors into the open today.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Plan to get a good rest today for the coming week may be a strenuous one and demand much activity.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—The time to nourish the spirit and the mind. They need rest and relaxation as much as the body.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—One of your really good days. The new month gets off to a splendid start. Plan for big things.

BORN today, you are loyal, steadfast and true. Once a friend, always a friend, come ill will a friend. You have a keen mind for analysis and can size up a person at first meeting. You are not one to pass judgment on one of whom you disapprove until you have tested that acquaintance carefully and made a more mature decision.

You have a dogged, tenacious temperament and once you get your teeth into something—like the legendary bulldog—you won't let go! Just make certain that those things for which you are fighting stubbornly are thoroughly worth while. You members of the fair sex can get as determined about an unimportant matter as you can about something which is really "life or death." Learn to know when a thing is really worth fighting for and you will, in that way, conserve your energies for the big things in life.

You have a great deal of patience and fortitude in dealing with people. You do not expect everyone to be perfect—but you do demand that all do their proper share of the work. You are not one to endure a slacker. You are so meticulously dutiful, yourself, that you expect others to be the same.

Your emotions are deep but you are not inclined to be demonstrative except in the close circle of your own family. Your marriage should be an exceptionally happy one.

Among those born on this day are: Joseph Addison, Marie Corelli and Sir Philip Bibbs, authors; George Innes, painter; Douglas Tilden, sculptor; Benjamin Latrobe, architect; and Kate Smith, singer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 2

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Business affairs should be excellent today. You can plan to make a profit with certainty.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Look before you leap into anything today and you will be all right. Impulsive action won't bring you normal progress.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This afternoon and evening are not auspicious. Your rulers say "beware," so do be cautious.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Look on the bright side of things. Don't be suspicious of the actions of others. You could be wrong.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be wary in all you undertake today. Haste can cause error—and that can be serious.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Even if things do not go as well as you had hoped, keep your chin up. Optimism will pay off.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Don't permit yourself to be drawn into a discussion. It could turn into a bum argument.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Stick fairly closely to routine or you may find that you are slacking down your normal progress.

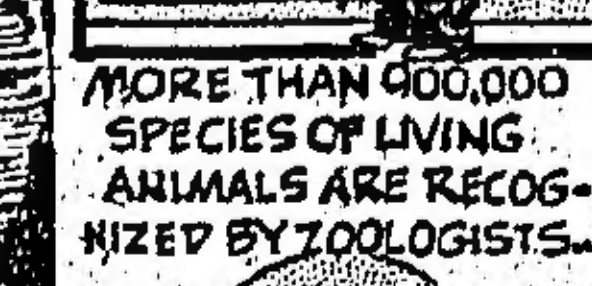
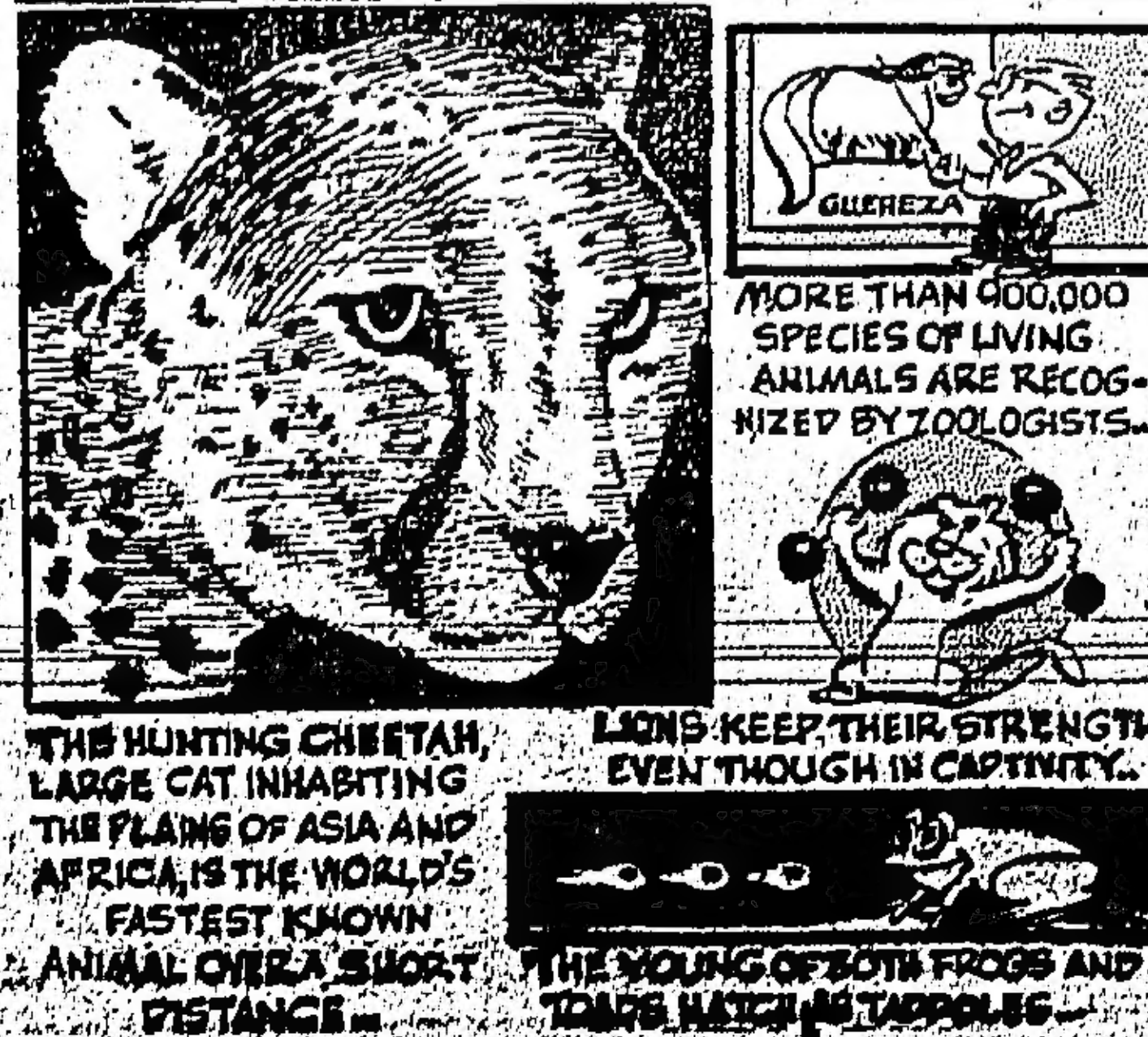
CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Brainwork should progress well today. You may get added compensation on the job, too.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you are ambitious and work hard today, you will be prosperous and make excellent gains.

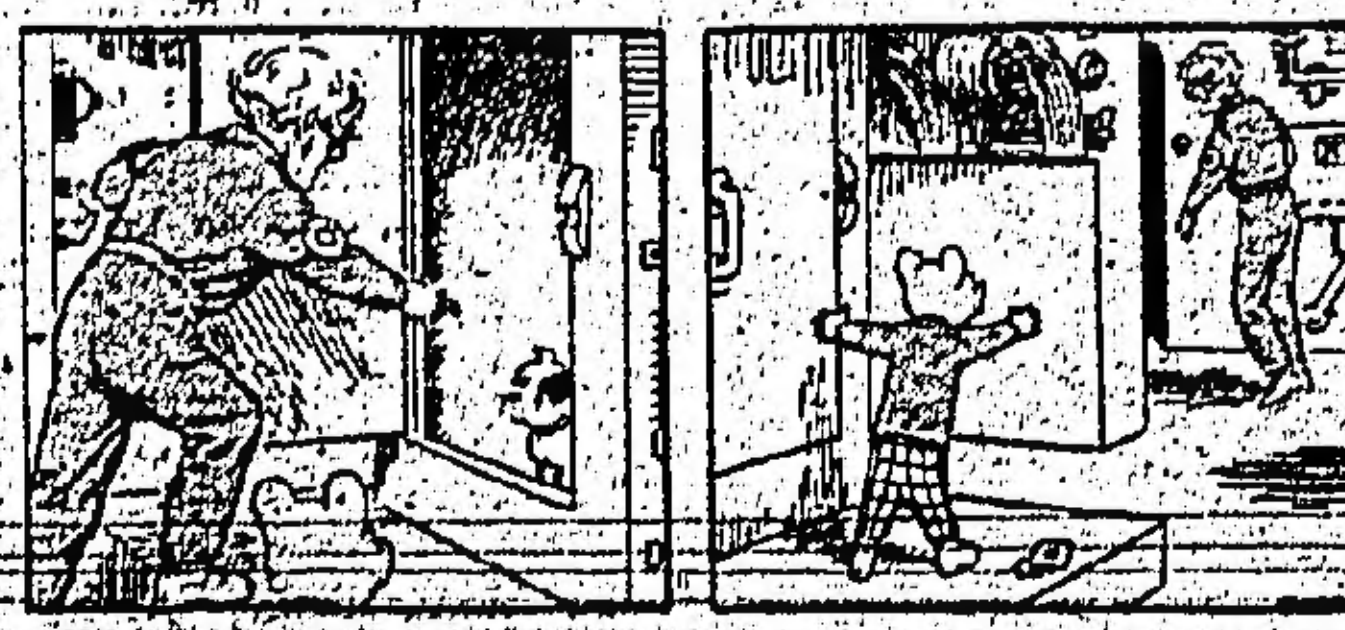
PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Don't rush things this morning. The day grows better as it grows older. Take your time.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A day in which business opportunity looms, but conservative action is still the best policy.

LOOKS WHO



Rupert and the Inventor—28



What the picture are set the inventor was in a heavy iron cupboard, open, it had after coming inside he saw the door. "Just to Rupert's surprise he walks away as if no longer interested." "Hi, please, come back," cries the little bear.

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Page 20 SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1955.

Austrian Talks Monday

Indian Pair In UK Hard Court Final

Bournemouth, Apr. 29. India's Ramanathan Krishnan and Nares Kumar made up for their setbacks in the singles by winning their way into the final of the men's doubles of the British Hard Court Championships this afternoon at Bournemouth.

They scored a great win of 6-4, 6-4 over the South African Davis Cup pair, Abe Segal and Russell Seymour.

The match was started yesterday but had to be postponed until today because of rain. The Indians were then leading by two sets to love and they lost no time in taking the final set by the same score.

The Indians were well-suited, Kumar providing the subtle touches and Krishnan the hammer blows. Both of them, however, served well and were strong overhead.

HAVE A CHANCE

If they combine as well as they did against the South Africans, Krishnan and Kumar must have a chance against Tony Mottram and Geoff Pugh, Britain's Davis Cup team and their opponents in tomorrow's final.

The British pair have about 10 years' experience behind them but with 19-year-old Krishnan's youthful zest and his partner's thoughtful play, the Indian pair should put up a good fight.

Mottram and Pugh (Britain) defeated A. Gubb and C. Mason (Australia) 6-2, 6-1, 6-3 in the semi-final of the men's doubles. In the semi-finals of the women's doubles Misses A. Motmer and A. Shilcock (Britain) defeated Miss D. Kilian and Mrs. Redick-Smith (South Africa) 6-3, 8-6 and Misses S. Bloomer and P. Ward (Britain) defeated Misses M. Eyre and V. White (Britain) 6-2, 6-3.

Solar Eclipse Will Be Viewed From Ceylon

Colombo, Apr. 29. Equipment-laden scientific teams have begun arriving here in preparation for the rare solar eclipse on June 20 which will be seen better from central Ceylon than anywhere else in the world.

The scientists, including some of the world's foremost astronomical experts, will take thousands of pictures during the brief four minutes that the moon's silhouette passes across the face of the sun, turning day into night.

Study of the photographs will provide valuable information on the sun's corona.

Already here is the first group of Cambridge University Observatory's expedition, headed by Dr. M. von Kienle, and the German and Canadian teams—United Press.

Peaceful Use Of Atomic Energy

United Nations, Apr. 29. The United Nations Secretariat announced today that 40 Governments have thus far accepted invitations to participate in the International Conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy at Geneva from August 8 to 20.

Invitations to the conference went out to 80 members of the United Nations, and 24 non-members who are members of specialised agencies affiliated with the world organization. This list excluded Communist China.

With almost half of the invited nations having accepted, United Nations officials said that they expected virtually 100 per cent participation—United Press.

BIG 4 POWERS AGREE ON BLUEPRINT

Vienna, Apr. 29. Austrian treaty negotiations between the Big Four Powers and Austrian representatives will open here next Monday at 11 a.m., it was announced tonight.

The conference will be held in secrecy at the four-Power Allied Council buildings, a former merchants' club in the international sector.

Envoys of the four Big Powers reached agreement on the arrangements this afternoon.

AUSTRIA INVITED

Formal invitations to Austria to send representatives to the party were delivered later to the Austrian Chancellery.

The Big Four envoys issued a nine-point blueprint for the conference:

1. Chairmanship will be held in rotation by the Big Four Ambassadors "in the order of their diplomatic precedence." The US Ambassador, Mr. Llewellyn F. Thompson, will be the Chairman the first day.
2. The chairmanship will be rotated daily.
3. Austria's delegates will be seated to the right of the Chairman.
4. Translations will include German as well as English, French and Russian.
5. The conference will be held at the Allied Council building "for reasons of convenience."
6. A joint secretariat will be set up with Austrians included.
7. The first meeting will start at 11 a.m.
8. Newsmen will not be admitted but a communiqué will be issued at the close of the opening session.
9. Photographers will be admitted to the building briefly prior to the first session.

Besides Mr. Thompson the key negotiators will include the British Ambassador, Sir Geoffrey Widdows, the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Ivan I. Ilyich, the French Charge d'Affaires, M. Roger Lalouette, and the Austrian Foreign Minister, Dr. Leopold Figl.

Their aim is to finalise an Austrian State treaty and end 10 years of military occupation.

PREDICTIONS

Unofficial predictions as to how long the conference will last varied from one week to one month.

Most observers felt that unless agreement comes early, it will not come at all—United Press.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

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LITHUANIAN MIX-UPS: Russian Grand Duchy; Baltic States European.

DIAMOND: L SIC STEE LERUVA CHUZE EVE A

CODED MESSAGE: Lithuania's incorporation as a Socialist Soviet Republic is not recognised by the United States.

LITHUANIAN REBUS: Baltic; Transire; Thill.

EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM: 1. (a) 2. (b) 3. (c) 4. (d) 5. (e) 6. (f) 7. (g) 8. (h) 9. (i) 10. (j) 11. (k) 12. (l)

Printed and published by WILLIAM ALICE GIBBARD for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria, in the Colony of Hongkong.

Hague Bombed With Flowers

The Hague, Apr. 29. Low-flying British bombers parachuted a million red, white and blue flowers on to The Hague today to commemorate the rain of foodstuffs which they showered on the city 10 years ago when the German army of occupation left the Netherlands after World War II.

Delighted children ran about the gaily decked streets, catching the blossoms—tulips, hyacinths, narcissi and other flowers as they fell. The air was humming with the noise of the 50 or so jet aircraft and five Lincoln Bombers engaged in the floral operation, while all the ships in the harbour gave vent to a dockland symphony played on fog-horns and ships' sirens—France-Press.

Philippines Gain Control Of Currency

Manila, Apr. 29. The Bill approved by the Senate today authorises the President of the Philippines to finalise the Laurel-Langley agreement with the United States.

Main features of the new agreement which are favourable to the Philippines are:

1. Philippine President obtains complete control over the currency which in the old agreement was shared with United States President.
2. Instead of the declining duty-free quotas provided in the original agreement, the two countries will adopt graduated tariff system beginning in 1956 and terminating in 1974. Under the new agreement the Philippines and the United States will impose tariffs on the goods of one country entering the other, but the Philippine rate of increase will be faster. Accordingly, American goods entering the Philippines will be paying full tariffs before Philippine goods entering the United States which will reach top level only in 1974.
3. The Parity Act, which under the original agreement was enjoyed by the Americans alone, becomes reciprocal—France-Press.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

WATCHING: Brief Case Cask Butt Bul Cut Price Trick Quirk Qui Quiet Lull Bull Cock Rooster Roster Porter Porter Shorter Shorten Abridge Brigade Old Hills Hill Chill Child Balm Brain Rain Right Right Mighty High Thick Hip Haw Daw Jack Back Back Task Job Comforter Dummy WAXWORK.

AUSTRALIA LEAD 2-0 IN TESTS

Georgetown, Apr. 29. Australia took a 2-0 lead over the West Indies in the five-game cricket Test series when they won the Third Test by eight wickets here today with two days to spare.

The Australians had won the First Test in Jamaica by nine wickets and the second game in Port of Spain was drawn.

Final scores were: West Indies 182 and 207; Australia 257 and 133 for two wickets.

Australia, needing 83 more runs for victory when the fourth day's play began, hit off the runs to just over 800 and half for 100 in 100 minutes.

This opening pair batted for half an hour adding 80 to the overnight total of 40. They both were out at the same total.

Opposition To Saar Accord JUDGES ORDER COURT TO BE CLEARED

Karlsruhe, Apr. 29. Press and public were cleared from the West German Federal Constitutional Court here today after a surprise move during the hearing of the Social Democratic opposition's plea against the Franco-German Saar agreement.

Dr Adolf Arndt, for the plaintiffs, asked the Court to be cleared "because the security of the state is involved." He gave no further details.

The Court of 12 judges was holding its first hearing. On a legislative act, since the Federal President could sign no treaty with a foreign power without the approval of Parliament. As such it was within the jurisdiction of the Constitutional Court.

The hearing continues—Router.

To ADVERTISERS

SUNDAY POST-REBOLD Space for commercial advertising should be booked not later than noon on Wednesday.

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Leaving HONGKONG for CHEUNG CHAU	Leaving CHEUNG CHAU for HONGKONG
8.15 a.m. — (Direct)	8.45 a.m. — (Via Aberdeen to Wai Lung)
9.00 — (Direct)	9.30 — (Via S.M.B. & Ping Chau)
10.00 — (Direct)	10.30 — (Direct)
11.00 — (Direct)	11.30 — (Via S.M.B. & Ping Chau)
11.30 — (Direct from Wilmer)	11.45 — (Direct)
12.00 noon — (Direct)	12.15 p.m. — (Direct)
12.15 p.m. — (Via Ping Chau & S.M.B.)	1.15 p.m. — (Via S.M.B. & Ping Chau)
1.30 — (Direct)	1.45 — (Direct)
1.45 — (Via Ping Chau & S.M.B.)	2.30 — (Direct)
2.00 — (Direct)	2.45 — (Via S.M.B. & Ping Chau)
2.15 — (Via Aberdeen from Wilmer St.)	3.15 — (Direct)
3.00 — (Direct)	3.30 — (Direct)

SILVERMINE BAY FERRY SERVICE

Leaving HONGKONG for SILVERMINE BAY	Leaving SILVERMINE BAY for HONGKONG
8.15 a.m. — (Direct)	8.45 a.m. — (Via Ping Chau)
9.00 — (Direct)	9.30 — (Direct)
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11.00 — (Direct)	11.30 — (Via Ping Chau)
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PING CHAU FERRY SERVICE

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TAI O — CASTLE PEAK FERRY SERVICE

Leaving HONGKONG	Leaving TAI O
8.00 a.m. — (Direct)	8.00 a.m. — (Direct)
8.30 a.m. — (Direct)	8.30 a.m. — (Direct)
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9.30 a.m. — (Direct)	9.30 a.m. — (Direct)
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6.00 p.m. — (Direct)	6.00 p.m. — (Direct)

TAI O — SPECIAL FERRY (VIA ABERDEEN)

Leaving HONGKONG for TAI O	Leaving TAI O for HONGKONG
8.00 a.m. — (Direct)	8.00 a.m. — (Direct)
8.30 a.m. — (Direct)	8.30 a.m. — (Direct)
9.00 a.m. — (Direct)	9.00 a.m. — (Direct)
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5.30 p.m. — (Direct)	5.30 p.m. — (Direct)
6.00 p.m. — (Direct)	6.00 p.m. — (Direct)

TOLO HARBOUR FERRY SERVICE

Leaving TAIPO KAU for TAP MUN	Leaving TAP MUN for TAIPO KAU
6.45 a.m. — (Direct)	7.30 a.m. — (Direct)
7.30 a.m. — (Direct)	8.15 a.m. — (Direct)
8.15 a.m. — (Direct)	9.00 a.m. — (Direct)
9.00 a.m. — (Direct)	9.45 a.m. — (Direct)
9.45 a.m. — (Direct)	10.30 a.m. — (Direct)
10.30 a.m. — (Direct)	11.15 a.m. — (Direct)
11.15 a.m. — (Direct)	12.00 noon — (Direct)
12.00 noon — (Direct)	12.45 noon — (Direct)
12.45 noon — (Direct)	1.30 p.m. — (Direct)
1.30 p.m. — (Direct)	2.15 p.m. — (Direct)
2.15 p.m. — (Direct)	3.00 p.m. — (Direct)
3.00 p.m. — (Direct)	3.45 p.m. — (Direct)
3.45 p.m. — (Direct)	4.30 p.m. — (Direct)
4.30 p.m. — (Direct)	5.15 p.m. — (Direct)
5.15 p.m. — (Direct)	6.00 p.m. — (Direct)

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Members and the Public can contact the Society by dialling 37870 by day and 37594 by night.

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IMPORTANT REMINDER PEAK TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Subscribers are reminded that as from 3 p.m. on Saturday, 30th April, 1955, all Peak telephone numbers will start with the digits 96 instead of 29 as heretofore. For example, 29139 will become 96139.

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DEATHS

JARRETT—Suddenly at 100, Rue de la Paix, on April 29, 1955, at the age of 70, a native of France, died.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The family of the late Mr. Macar Wai Lun (M. A. Williams) wishes to thank all relatives and friends for the expressions of sympathy, floral tributes and attendance at the funeral.

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